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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

NOVEMBER 1918

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	Lt. L. R. Abel Smith
	Major H. V. S. Carey
	Gertrude Bone
	Ernest Blake
	Major H. F. Constantine
Classic American Literature	D. H. Lawrence
The Norton Folgate Affair	Thomas Burke
Spiritualism and its New Revelations (ii)	Bernard Sickert
Dusky Ruth	A. E. Coppard
The Generous Gambler	Translated by Arthur Symons
Swank (i)	T. Dove Keighley
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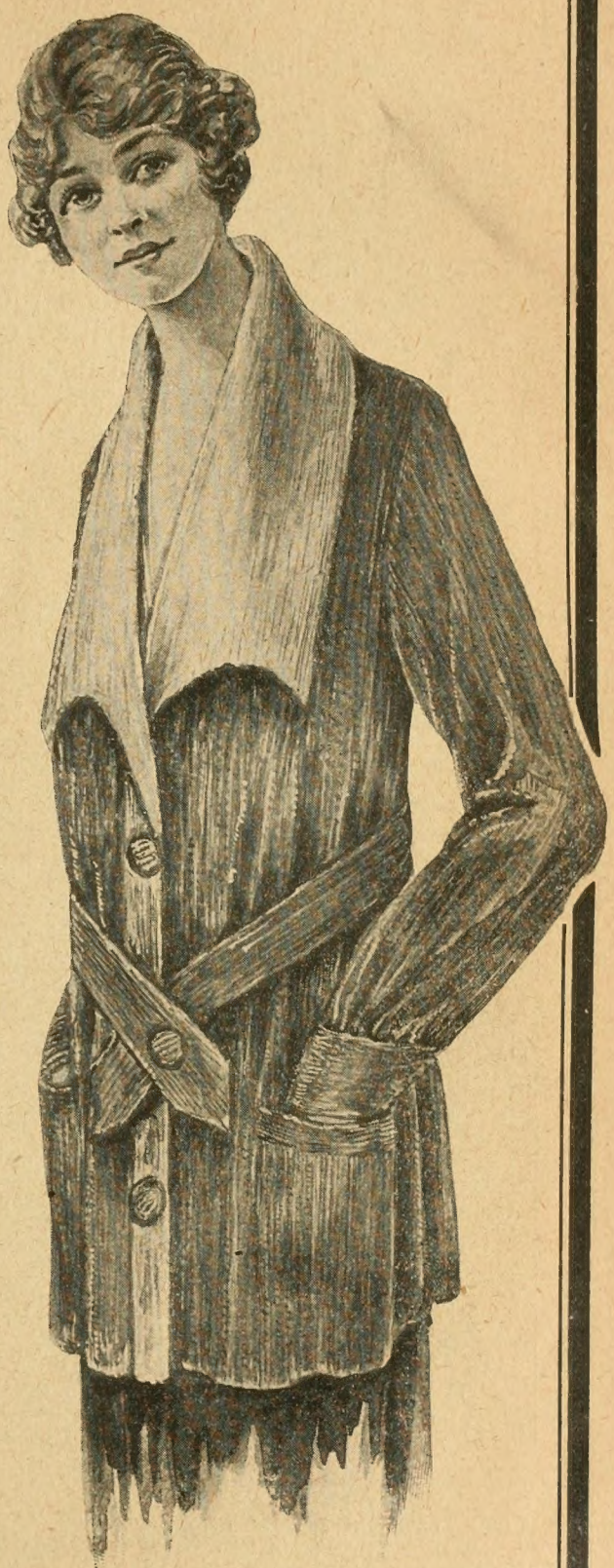

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¶ It will be a long time yet before war activities can relax, and even when armies and navies come down to peace strength, and munition shops are closed or converted, the work of the Church Army War Fund will find no respite or relaxation. The reason for this is that Prebendary Carlile and his helpers have forward-looking minds. When war broke out there was a staff for organisation and buildings of the Church Army ready to hand, and this nucleus quickly extended to its present enormous dimensions of over 700 huts on all fronts. Kitchen cars and hostels for men on leave sprung up, and ever new needs met with new help. Farm training for discharged men, hostels for discharged men whilst learning trades, convalescent homes for wounded, hostels for limbless men whilst being refitted, rest huts and hostels for girl munitioners, hostels and recreation rooms for wives of Service men—these are some of the activities of the Church Army, and the utility of many of them will not cease with a state of warfare. How much there is ahead of us of necessary helpfulness to the discharged and stricken we can only guess, but of one thing we can be sure—that as the need arises, and whilst the need remains, the Church Army will be foremost in giving quick and intelligent help. Therefore go on subscribing to a truly national work well done by the national Church.

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¶ In 1914 the red triangle was a danger signal for motorists, or a trade mark. What is it to-day? An ideograph in cuneiform for the Anglo-Saxon sense of decency and compassion. Whatever we may read into its three boundaries—high, low, and broad—liberty, equality, fraternity—or faith, hope, and charity—it stands a national achievement equal, as our youth has been equal to the

Continued on page 4.

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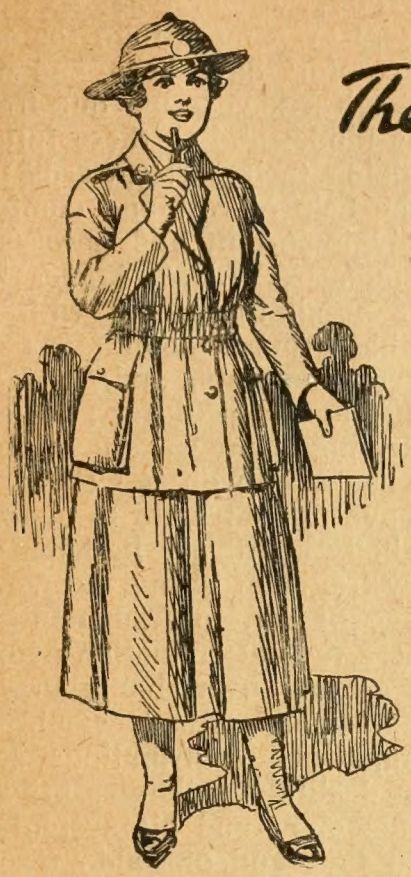

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The Chancellor of our Exchequer

¶ All of us, whether we like it or no, have to contribute to a good many things of which we may not wholly approve. Perhaps we should none of us subscribe even a tiny fragment of our income to the emoluments, pensions, and upkeep of certain functionaries, ex-Ministers, and institutions; but where the determination of our contributions rests with ourselves we are our own chancellors of the exchequer, and the voluntary tax, though small, would be larger if we could manage it. Compulsory contributions say, workhouse and poor law schools for destitute children; private judgment says, Dr. Barnardo's village homes and his system of citizen building. Taxation means red tape and officialdom—one had almost written Bumbledom; private judgment reads: "No destitute child ever refused admittance"—sees the family life system, and looks at the results attained. Fifty years of this

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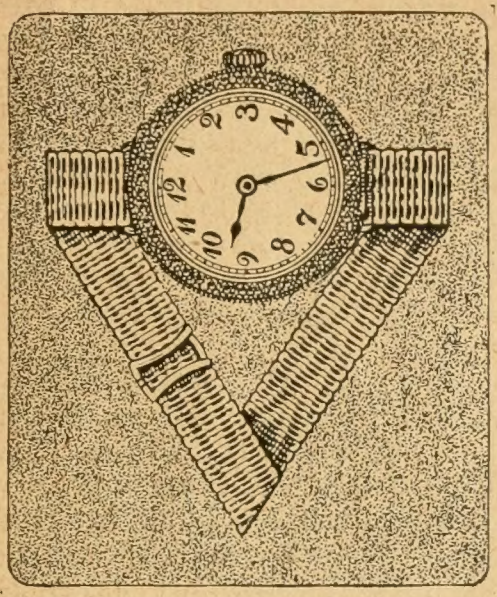

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Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTIETH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD	Promise of Spring, 1918	313
LT. L. R. ABEL SMITH	London	315
MAJOR H. V. S. CAREY	The Soldier's Return	316
GERTRUDE BONE	A Summer Wind	317
ERNEST BLAKE	Winter Nights	318
MAJOR H. F. CONSTANTINE	The Use of War	318
2. D. H. LAWRENCE	Classic American Literature	319

[*Contents continued on page* xiv

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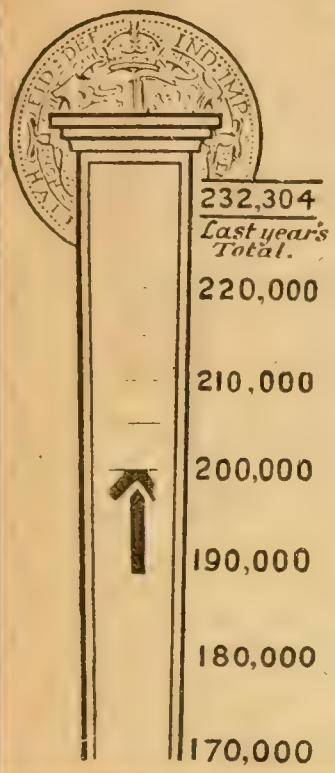

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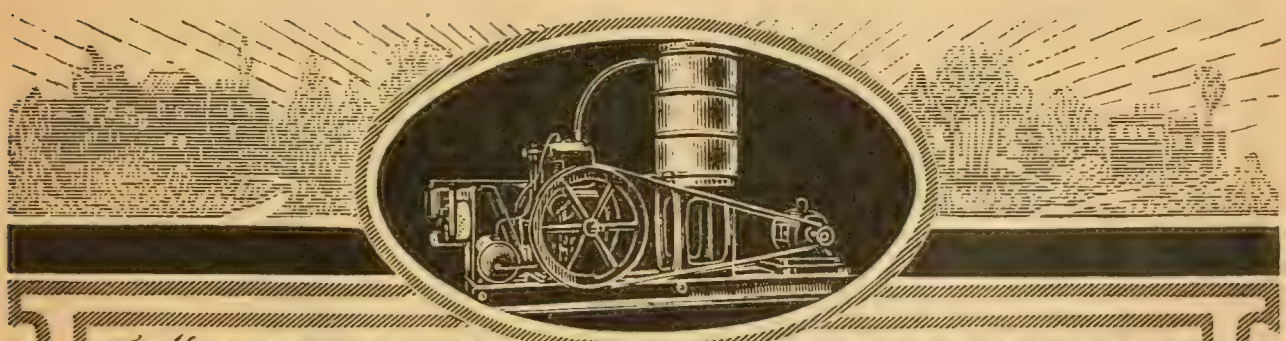

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CONTENTS (continued)

		PAGE
3. THOMAS BURKE	The Norton Folgate Affair	332
4. BERNARD SICKERT	Spiritualism and its New Revelations (ii)	339
5. A. E. COPPARD	Dusky Ruth	346
6. Translated by ARTHUR SYMONS	The Generous Gambler	354
7. T. DOVE KEIGHLEY	Swank (i)	357
8. A. RANDALL WELLS	Housing	363
9. AUSTIN HARRISON	A World Declaration of Rights	369
10. MAJOR STUART-STEPHENS	Foch's Ultimate Blow	379
11. THE EDITOR	Conditions are—Principles of Surrender	384
12.	Books	391

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"Welcome, Miss America, to the Back of the Front! We want to let you see we're doing our bit."
"Thanks, my dears! I know you are, and doing it well. You sure deserve Uncle's Sam's Best, *so here it is."*

The Woman of To-day

shares with man not only the responsibilities of the vote and the work of winning the war, but also his favourite solace—the "De Reszke" *American* Cigarette. The following opinions are but a few of those received from well-known men and women of to-day. Many others may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements :—

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, writes :—
"Miss Ellis Jeffreys likes the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes very much. Although she generally smokes Turkish cigarettes, she finds the American ones delightful."

Edmund Gosse, Esq., writes :—
"The 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes are pronounced excellent by all those who have tried them."

Miss Iris Hoey, writes :—
"I enjoyed your 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes immensely, and most of my friends will be your very good customers."

W. Somerset Maugham, Esq., writes :—
"I have found the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes very mild and pleasant to smoke."

G R

Women's War Services

Women are urgently required to help the Navy—the Army—and the Air Force.

Join To-day
the
W. R. N. S.
(Women's Royal Naval Service)
Q. M. A. A. C.
(Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps)
or the
W. R. A. F.
(Women's Royal Air Force)
Full particulars from the nearest
EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE
Ask at Post Office for the address.

25 for 2/-

10 for 9½d 20 for 1/7 50 for 3/11

Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.

Or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 3), 86, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

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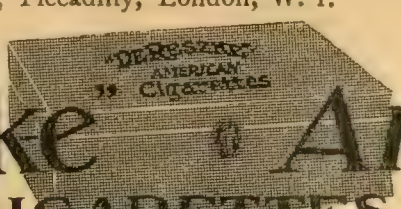

"De Reszke" American CIGARETTES

WHEN VICTORY COMES

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

"Victory"

DAWN!

The birth of a new world.

The world of Youth.

A world in the birth throes of new and clean ideals born of the agony of years of bleeding and suffering.

The birth of Love.

After Ages of Pain.

When Victory comes, and the foul menace of militarism is swept aside!

When Youth, the fetters struck from his limbs, the bandage loosed from his eyes, no longer gagged, a slave, stretches his weary limbs, gazes at the man-mutilated earth, and lifts his eyes to the Sun.

When the tortured world grows once more glad.

When the sap rises, the buds burst into leaves, the blossoms open, and peaceful skies ring with ecstatic songs of mating birds.

When a veil of flame-like flowers and cool green grasses is cast over the scarred and blistered battlefields. When children's laughter rings once more in ruined places and lovers make their tryst where desolation made its home.

When Victory comes.

The Victory that Youth has fought for, bled, and died for.

The Victory of Youth—Love.

* * *

"Victory?" . . . . .

In the Council chambers the shrill triumphant squeals of the old men will issue forth. "It is our Victory! Look what we have gained!"

And Youth, fresh from the memories of the blood, the lice, the stench, the unspeakable filth, will listen with the smile of mockery to the sterile pipings of "Victory! Victory is ours!" from gnarled and skinny throats.

Youth alone has paid the price and alone will claim the Victory. Youth has for years been stricken down, bound hand and foot, hemmed in, thwarted, tongue-tied. Youth has wondered, questioned, fought and sought for some cleansing in the blood-bath. Youth has gained the Victory and brought an end to the Sacrifice, to the Holocaust of the boyhood of the world.

Youth has given everything, while Age, giving nothing, has taken all. And when Age croaks despairing, "We have won the great Victory," they will be unheeded. Age has ruled in the past by Hate, and the world is weary of Hate. Youth will rule in the future by Love. And Love is not for the old, the impotent, the sterile. The boastful cries from withered throats will be unheard, drowned by the fierce pipings of Pan.

Victory means Peace, and Joy, and Life, and Love—a world which seeks beauty and does not goad to deeds of ugliness.

And Youth, his limbs unshackled, no more the slave of Age, his soul his own, is once more free and Lord of Life.

Then Victory comes.

Victory!

* * *

And Love, crowned in roses, laughs aloud.

The rising sap, the mating birds, the bursting blossoms, the young things in the fields.

No longer now the envious hand of Age has power to tear the lover from his mate, to poison sacred wells of love with Death, and spoil each love embrace with tortured fear that it may be the last; to crush the heart of woman with the dread her child may never hold its father's hand.

When love is born again.

After the ages of pain.

When Victory comes and Youth and Love can reign.

When Youth returns to the arms of the Beloved.

When long-craved hope is won. Wonderful hope, revelling in greatness. Wild, throbbing, absorbing, rising to a shout of joy. Intoxicated by power. Passionate! Overwhelming! Sweeping aside convention, tradition, all that is old, all that has lived and is dead.

The birth of a new world.

A world of Love.

So Victory Comes!

* * *

These impressions are not merely idealistic; they are written with a deep and personal knowledge of the mind of the fighting man silently enduring hell, and with a great sympathy for Youth who is paying the whole price in the World Tragedy.—H. D. B. 14, Old Bond Street, W. 1.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1918

Promise of Spring, 1918

By Stephen Southwold

I.

THE boy-sun laughs, and Day
Scatters his beams
Where the youngling shadows play;
And in the wounded fields
The new buds break, and pout
Their lips to the morning's kiss.
And where
But yesterday a thousand loves and dreams
Moved to their close,
The rusted wire is fair
With heedless greenery.
And soon the rose
Shall make of this
Mould of young sacrifice a flaming rout
Of passionate bloom that yields
The largesse of their brief mortality.

II.

And wondrous, clear, across the breeze
Again I hear the Suffolk seas.
And fair and fleet over the grass
I hear the feet of children pass.
And where I stand, by many graves,
Are cliffs and sand, and hurrying waves.
And where the guns lie hid to slay
The river runs through yesterday.

III.

What matter, if to-day be boon,
The threat and bode
Of other dawns. To-morrow is a toy
Tossed to a fearful child:
The good shall sin
To-morrow, and the free
Shall clank their chains
And sing of liberty:
The lifeless earth shall spin
To its frore end. To-morrow's massy load
Shall stoop the backs of riper fools. The stains
Of our spill'd wine to-day shall make a joy
To stir the unborn with a burning tune,
And snare the white feet of the undefiled.

IV.

And one there is
Whose eyes were wet
Under my kiss,
O Margaret!

I may not slake
My throat of fire,
Nor bend nor break
Thee to desire.

Yet thou shalt find,
When I am sped,
No vows may bind
The hungry dead.

V.

They will remember for a passing spell,
Ere the June roses fail;
Between a dawn and setting of the sun;
For the swift swell
Of a wild bird's song.
Remember, O remember! All the earth
Is hungered of forgetting!
One new Spring
Must cover all thy wrong.

Children's quick feet shall tread
Thy shadowy sorrows down;
And one by one
Each birth
Shall scatter, like the blown
Clocks o' the field, the tale
Of thee and me forgotten, being dead.

FRANCE, *March*, 1918.

London

By Lt. L. R. Abel Smith

THE men are drab.
Their faces are gashed and torn with dulness,
Furrowed with boredom;
Their minds, their clothes and their faces are drab,
Dun-coloured, like sun-baked peat.

They weary me;
I love bright colours, manifold mounds and slopes,
The trees' foliage in autumn, old red walls,
And very ancient houses in the smiling country.
I can bear no longer to look at the drab men,
They madden me . . . .

Yet most—all save the drunkards, lecherers, animal-men—
Have strangely distant eyes,
Tied to horizons,
Filled with spaces
Unimaginable. . . .
They, too, love colour, and the country,
The poor drab men.

Damn them! they do not look at me—
They look far away:
Am I, too, drab?

The Soldier's Return

By Major H. V. S. Carey

WHAT shall we render when the men return from war—
The men who fought that this, our land, might live?
Is there too much—too much in kind, in deed—
For they who lived in Hell, that we can give?

Some sturdy cheers; a pittance, charity or praise,
With waving flags for strife no longer feared,
Forgotten as the past, and unredeemed—
The broken pledge that trusting men have heard.

Yes, they are conscious of the fate there is in store
For men who sacrifice the ease-worn way;
Who, fighting in the dark before the dawn,
Reap for the craven the safety of the day.

Deep in some hearts is mammon still entrenched,
The trader's mart, the gods of gold and clay;
They have not found the vision of the soul
Revealed to those who walk the hero's way.

Yet it shall pass, if one, the least, shall fall
Broken and maimed, unheeded by the State,
All we have suffered, spent and hardly won
Shall by our deeds become the sport of Fate.

Then through the land a fiery cross will rage,
Fierce righteous wrath with stern consuming speed,
Shall sweep away those at the reckoning hour,
Who debts of plighted honour failed to heed.

A Summer Wind

By Gertrude Bone

Choric I surge, upbearing sounds of others' music,
Tuneless I am till deep desire awake me,
A soundless organ-pipe, staying the singing
Of each musician.

Silent is Winter's peevish chiding trumpet,
Call of full floods and clang of tyrannous sea,
Pæan long sounded: soft now comes entreaty
Like rising fragrance.

No ring of Autumn with his stiff gold armour;
Sun-tinctured Summer all alight with flowers,
Light shaking, and the delicate-wingèd glancing
Of humming flies.

Soft-roofèd woods that cover up a shadow,
Screening it close lest any sunlight see;
Where all day long the poplar tells the ring-dove
Of cooling water.

Full-hearted laugh, wide sunlight in the pasture,
And the thin wail of scythes and twittering grass,
And a gay song all unaware its music
Plaineth some drowned one.

Generous bright water, rushing in a rapture,
Gone as ye fall, your covering rainbow hides
The issuing river of your headlong giving
Singing far distant.

Tender I stoop upon the fecund Summer,
Guiding her tendrils, light to stir the pollen,
While she, all-glowing, sighs her happy burden
Of dear fruition.

All full desire I sound: love-throated singing
Of birds in happy coverts, all full-flowering;
All lovely forms I fill and make them vocal,
I, all the spirit.

Winter Nights

By Ernest Blake

When winter nights are wild and stars shine clear
'Tis snug to shelter deep in woods, and hear
The rude wind winnowed by the plumèd pines,
Till the blind din of his diapason
To infinite small whisperings declines,
Like elfin waves awash round islets lone,
Aloof in Ocean's furthest hemisphere.

Then with a pagan joy my spirit sings,
I feel the fire of elemental things
Enkindle all those keen intolerant eyes,
The stars, and light, o'er dim expectant skies,
Waver and wane like breath of passionate flowers,
And Earth, half-conscious of her slumbering powers,
Tremble with mute immense imaginings.

The Use of War

By Major H. F. Constantine

When the dark cloud of war burst on the stricken world,
Men said, to solace others and themselves, that from this evil
Good would come; that warring mankind, ennobled by endeavour
And the hardships and dangers of the war, would come
To a higher level of thought and action. But has that been?
It is true that men have suffered, and have known how fear,
Black foe to human reason, brings bondage on the soul.
Have they learnt aught else? The brave have been brave,
The pure have been pure, and the generous have laid down their lives.
But all those others, neither generous nor pure of heart,
Neither brave nor clear of brain, have they altered?
What good has come to them? Who knows?
Not you, nor I, nor all the busy scribes of England.

Introduction to Studies in Classic American Literature

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

The Spirit of Place.

It is natural that we should regard American literature as a small branch or province of English literature. None the less there is another view to be taken. The American art-speech contains a quality that we have not calculated. It has a suggestive force which is not relative to us, not inherent in the English race. This alien quality belongs to the American continent itself.

All art partakes of the Spirit of Place in which it is produced. The provincial Latin literature ferments with a foreign stimulus. It is Africa, and the mysterious religious passion of Libya, which, voicing itself in Latin, utters the infant cry of Tertullian, Augustine, Athanasius, the great saints of the African Church. These are not Romans. They are the prelude to a new era. It is not only that they utter the *ideas* which made Europe. Chiefly in them is felt the first throb of the great mystic passion of mediæval life. And in Apuleius, decadent and sensuous, we feel the last throb of the old way of sensuality, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage. Africa, seething in Roman veins, produces these strange pulses of new experience, incipient newness within the old decadence.

In the same way America, the new continent, seething in English veins, has produced us the familiar American classics, of Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, or Fenimore Cooper, for example. We read the English utterance without getting the alien American implication. We listen to our own speech in American mouths, but our ears have been shut to the strange reverberation of that speech. We have not wanted to hear the undertone, the curious foreign, uncouth suggestion, which is in the over-cultured Hawthorne and Poe or Whitman. Augustine and Apuleius are both writers of the Roman decadence. The orthodox Romans, no doubt, saw mainly the decadence, and objected to it. They could not see that

the qualities which *they* called decadence, judging from the standards of Virgil and Cicero and Tacitus, were perhaps the incipient realities of a whole new era of experience.

It is time now, for us, who have always looked with indulgence on the decadent or uncouth or provincial American literature, to open new eyes, and look with respect, if not with fear. It is time for us now to see that our great race experience is surpassed and exceeded. Our race *idea* may apparently hold good in the American mind. What we have to realise is that our way of feeling is superseded, just as Cicero's way of feeling was superseded in Apuleius. It is the quality of life-experience, of emotion and passion and desire, which has changed in the Romans of Africa, and in the English-speaking Americans. Life itself takes on a new reality, a new motion, even while the idea remains ostensibly the same.

And it is this change in the way of experience, a change in being, which we should now study in the American books. We have thought and spoken till now in terms of likeness and oneness. Now we must learn to think in terms of difference and otherness. There is a stranger on the face of the earth, and it is no use our trying any further to gull ourselves that he is one of us, and just as we are. There is an unthinkable gulf between us and America, and across the space we see, not our own folk signalling to us, but strangers, incomprehensible beings, simulcra perhaps of ourselves, but *other*, creatures of an other-world. The connection holds good historically, for the past. In the pure present and in futurity it is not valid. The present reality is a reality of untranslatable otherness, parallel to that which lay between St. Augustine and an orthodox senator in Rome of the same day. The oneness is historic only.

The knowledge that we are no longer one, that there is this inconceivable difference in *being* between us, the difference of an epoch, is difficult and painful to acquiesce in. Yet our only hope of freedom lies in acquiescing. The change has taken place in reality. And unless it take place also in our consciousness, we maintain ourselves all the time in a state of confusion. We must get clear of the old oneness that imprisons our real divergence.

It is the genuine American literature which affords the best approach to the knowledge of this othering. Only art-utterance reveals the whole truth of a people. And the American art-speech reveals what the American plain speech

almost deliberately conceals. What Hawthorne deliberately says in "The Scarlet Letter" is on the whole a falsification of what he unconsciously says in his art-language. And this, again, is one of the outstanding qualities of American literature: that the deliberate ideas of the man veil, conceal, obscure that which the artist has to reveal. This quality of duplicity which runs through so much of the art of the modern world is almost inevitable in an American book. The author is unconscious of it himself. He is sincere in his own intention. And yet, all the time, the artist, who writes as a somnambulist, in the spell of pure truth as in a dream, is contravened and contradicted by the wakeful man and moralist who sits at the desk.

The occultists say that once there was a universal mystic language, known to the initiated, or to the adept, or to the priesthood of the whole world, whether Chinese or Atlantean or Maya or Druid—a language that was universal over the globe at some period, perhaps before the Flood. This must have been a written rather than a spoken language, and must have consisted in symbols or ideographs. It is conceivable, perhaps even probable, that at one time the priesthoods of all the world—Asiatic, African, European, American, Polynesian—held some common idea of the creation of the Cosmic universe, and expressed this idea in the same symbols or graphs. It is quite easy to conceive that the circle should be a universal symbol for the All, and the rosy cross, and the ankh, the Egyptian so-called symbol of life, may have been used by all the wise men on the earth to express certain cosmological ideas. And it may be possible, as the scientists of the subtler psychic activities desire and need to do, to discover a universal system of symbology: for practically the whole of psychometry and psycho-analysis depends on the understanding of symbols.

But art-speech, art-utterance, is, and always will be, the greatest universal language of mankind, greater than any esoteric symbolism. Art-speech is also a language of pure symbols. But whereas the authorised symbol stands always for a thought or an idea, some mental *concept*, the art-symbol or art-term stands for a pure experience, emotional and passional, spiritual and perceptual, all at once. The intellectual idea remains implicit, latent and nascent. Art communicates a state of being—whereas the symbol at best only communicates a whole thought, an emotional idea. Art-speech is a use of symbols which are pulsations on the blood and

seizures upon the nerves, and at the same time pure percepts of the mind and pure terms of spiritual aspiration.

Therefore, when we reduce and diminish any work of art to its didactic capacity—as we reduce a man to his mere physical-functional capacity in the science of medicine—then we find that that work of art is a subtle and complex *idea* expressed in symbols. It is more or less necessary to view man as a thing of various functions and organs. And in the same way, for certain purposes, it is necessary to degrade a work of art into a thing of meanings and reasoned exposition. This process of reduction is part of the science of criticism.

But before we can undertake to criticise American books, to discover their symbolic meaning, we must first trace the development of the orthodox European idea on American soil; because there is always a dual import in these works of art: first, the didactic import given by the author from his own moral consciousness; and then the profound symbolic import which proceeds from his unconscious or subconscious soul, as he works in a state of creation which is something like somnambulism or dreaming. Also we must wake and sharpen in ourselves the subtle faculty for perceiving the greater inhuman forces that control us. It is our fatal limitation, at the present time, that we can only understand in terms of personal and conscious choice. We cannot see that great motions carry us and bring us to our place before we can even begin to know. We cannot see that invisible great winds carry us unwitting, as they carry the locust swarms, and direct us before our knowledge, as they direct the migrating birds.

We ask ourselves, How was it that America became peopled by white men at all? How, in the first place, did Europeans ever get across the great blank ocean? The Greeks and Romans turned their backs on space, and kept their breasts landwards as if magnetised. How was it, then, that fifteenth-century Europe looked space-wards? Was it just the attraction of space? Or was it that Spanish and Venetian sailors were determined to fill in the great blank of the Atlantic Ocean which confronted them?

It was something more positive. Every people is polarised in some particular locality, some home or homeland. And every great era of civilisation seems to be the expression of a particular continent or continent region, as well as of the people concerned. There is, no doubt, some peculiar potentiality attaching to every distinct region of the earth's surface,

over and above the indisputable facts of climate and geological condition. There is some subtle magnetic or vital influence inherent in every specific locality, and it is this influence which keeps the inhabitant stable. Thus race is ultimately as much a question of place as of heredity. It is the island of Great Britain which has really determined the English race, the genius of Place has made us one people. The place attracts its own human element, and the race drifts inevitably to its own psychic geographical pole.

We see this in Roman history. We see the city of Rome gradually losing its psychic-magnetic polarity, the Roman individuals gradually loosed from the old stay, and drifting like particles absolved from the original influence, falling imperceptibly into two currents—one setting northwards towards Milan and Gaul, one setting east towards Constantinople and Asia. Africa had always been connected with Rome herself—Rome and Carthage were the positive and negative poles of a stable, vital current, as were Athens and Sardis or Ecbatana.

After the removal of the Empire to the east a new circuit began, the circuit of Rome and Treves, or, better, of Italy and Germany. There is, and has been since the break of the old Roman-African circuit, a natural and inevitable balance between Rome and Germany.

England, France, and even Spain lay within the great German-Italian circuit of vital magnetism, which subsisted all through the Middle Ages. We can see Spain caught in another influence, from Africa again, and Germany influenced from the great Slavonic field. But the main polarity of Europe, from the time of Diocletian to the Renaissance, lay between Italy and Germany.

About the time of the Renaissance, however, this circuit exhausted itself, as the Italian-African circuit had been exhausted a thousand years before. Italy suddenly scintillated, and was finished in her polar potentiality. The old stability of Europe was gone, the old circle of vital flow was broken. It was then that Europe fell directly into polar unison with America. Europe and America became the great poles of negative and positive vitalism.

And it was on the wings of this new attraction that Europe discovered America. When the great magnetic sway of the mediæval polarity broke, then those units which were liberated fell under the sway of new vital currents in the air, and they were borne helplessly as birds migrate, without knowing or

willing, down the great magnetic wind towards America, towards the centrality in the New World. So the first individuals were caught up and swept overseas in the setting of the great current. They had no choice, because the influence which was upon them was prior to all knowledge and all option.

Some races of Europe, moreover, seem never to have been included in the great Latin-Germanic circuit of cultural vitalism. Among these are the Iberian and the Celtic. The strange early flowering of Celtic Christianity would be found, on examination, to be quite apart from the whole Italian-Germanic Christianity which has prevailed in Europe. Its first principle was individualistic, separatist, almost anti-social, a recoil of the individual into a mystic isolation, quite the contrary of the European religious principle, which was the fusing into a whole.

And these separate races located themselves on the sea-board, under the influence of the Atlantic Ocean; Spain, Ireland, Scotland, England, Brittany, these have lain from the beginning under the spell of the great western sea. And the people of Spain, dissociated from the circle of Italian-German culture, felt most distinctly the pull of the American magnetism. And they answered the pull as the needle answers the pull of the magnetic north. Spain moved across-seas in one great blind impulse, which was not primarily a desire for wealth. Desire for wealth never shifted a nation which was attached to its home, or vital in its own home-life.

If we are to understand the Celtic and Iberian races at all, we must realise that they have always remained outside of the European circuit of life—that they have always been excluded and subjected, never incorporated; and that their principle has been one of mystic opposition, even hatred, of the civilising principle of the rest of Europe. These races have remained true to some principle which was contained in the African and the Druid realities, but which has had no place in the European Christian-social scheme. Therefore they placed themselves in a polarity with the great invisible force of America, they looked to their positive pole into the west, the land of the setting sun, over the great sea to the unknown America. Their heaven was the land under the western wave, the Celtic Tir na Og.

They knew of no America. And yet, in the most immediate sense, they knew America. They existed in the spell

of the vital magnetism of the unknown continent. The same is more or less true of Spain and of Scandinavia. These great sea-board countries are inevitably controlled by the pull of America. It is inevitable that the Vikings should sail to Greenland and Labrador.

This unconscious reaction to the vital magnetism of the far-off unknown world is perhaps sufficient to have given rise to the Atlantis myth. If it gave rise to the land of Tir na Og, which lies under the western wave, why not to Atlantis? If the great magnetic pole of the Celtic and Iberian psyche was away in the west, would it not follow that, as in a dream, the myth should interpret the unconscious experience? The same would be true of the Norse myths—their polarity is westwards, towards America.

It follows, also, that if the Atlantic sea-board of Europe lies under the spell of the far-off American vital magnetism. the Atlantic sea-board of America must lie under the spell of Europe. And so, when Cortes lands in Mexico, he finds the subtle and pathetic Montezuma, the priest-emperor, who receives him with mystic sympathy, mystic desire. In America a similar break in the circuit of vitalism, a similar shifting of the great mystic-magnetic polarity must have taken place, in the fifteenth century, as it took place in Europe. And as Europe fell under the spell of America, America fell under the spell of Europe. So Montezuma embraced the Spanish as the fulfilment of the legend of the white, bearded strangers, who should come as gods across the east. Legend is supposed to be race-memory. But surely it is just as likely to be a kind of race-clairvoyance. Montezuma, a priest, a decadent and sensitive character, was filled with mystic apprehension. The Aztecs, subject to the fine vibrations in the ether, given off by vital Europe, highly religious and mystical in their natures, only expressed in their legend of the coming of the white stranger that which their innermost, sensitised souls knew beforehand as a fact. If we can understand the sending of wireless messages from continent to continent, can we not much more readily understand that the unthinkably sensitive substance of the human intelligence could receive the fine waves of vital effluence transmitted across the intervening space, could receive, and, as in a dream, plainly comprehend? It was not even in symbols that the Aztecs knew the future; but in plain, direct prescience. They knew the white, bearded strangers hundreds of years before they could see them. And they knew so perfectly because,

in their semi-barbaric state, their consciousness was fluid, not mechanically fixed, and the rarest impressions upon the physical soul, from the invisible ether, could pass on occasionally into uninterrupted consciousness.

Prophecy, the mystery of prophecy, is no absurdity. It is no more absurd than the sending of a wireless message. A people, or an individual, need only most delicately submit to the message which is being received all the time upon its own finest tissue, and it will be able to prophesy. But it is easier for us to invent sensitive machines than to avail ourselves of our own extreme and marvellous sensibilities.

We may see, then, how Spain was called across the Atlantic, in the spell of the positive magnetism of the great western continent. And we may understand better the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is not enough, it is never enough, upon an important occasion to accept the plausible explanation offered by the protagonist. The protagonist will always assert that he moves of his own intention. The Pilgrim Fathers sailed off in an enthusiastic, stern vigour of desire for religious freedom. They sailed to find freedom of worship—so they say. But it is a palpable fiction. Because at once they instigated the most cruel religious tyranny in America, equivalent to the Spanish-American Inquisition. Nay, it even seems as if the impulse to religious cruelty *came* to the Spaniards from America, and was exercised secondarily by them in Europe.

The Pilgrim Fathers did not sail to America in search of religious freedom. The Pilgrim Fathers, if they had wanted this freedom, would have stayed and fought for it, with Cromwell. Religious liberty was with them a phrase that covered complex motives. For the deepest human soul all the while offers specious reasons for her own movement, covering beyond all knowledge the true motive. The Pilgrim Fathers sternly believed themselves that they sailed in search of purer Christian worship and the liberty to that worship. It was the innermost soul offering a sufficient pretext to their stubborn, self-righteous minds.

For, if we consider the early American colonies, the Pilgrim Fathers were not Christians at all—not in any reasonable sense of the word. They were no more Christians than the dark and violent Spaniards of the Inquisition were Christian. At the close of the fifteenth century Spain fell back from Christian Europe and became a thing apart. In the same way the first Americans departed from the Christian

and the European vital mystery. They became dark, sinister, repellent. They seemed to seek, not liberty, but a gloomy and tyrannical sense of power. They wanted to have power over all immediate life. They had a gloomy passion, similar to that of some of the African sects of the Early Christian Church, to destroy or mutilate life at its very quick; lusting in their dark power to annihilate all living impulses, both their own and those of their neighbour. For all of which the Christian religion served as a word, a weapon, an instrument: the instrument of their dark lust for power over the immediate life itself, as it stirred to motion in the breasts and bowels of the living.

This lust is latent in all religious passion. So long as a people is living and generous, it fulfils its religious passion in setting free the deep desires which are latent in all human souls. Bernard of Clairvaux, St. Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, these were liberators. They made it possible for every man to be more himself, more whole, more full and spontaneous than ever man had been before.

But into Puritanism and Calvinism had already entered the dangerous *negative* religious passion of repression, this passion which so easily becomes a lust, a deep lust for vindictive power over the life-issue. It was on the hard recoil of this destructive religious passion that the Pilgrim Fathers left Europe. America, dark, violent, aboriginal, would lend them force to satisfy their lust of anti-life.

It is absolutely necessary to realise once and for all that every enthusiasm, every passion, has a dual motion: first a motion of liberation, of setting free; and secondly a motion of vindictive repression of the living impulse, the utter subjection of the living, spontaneous being to the fixed, mechanical, ultimately insane *will*.

When at the Renaissance the great religious impulse of Europe broke, these two motions became separate. We see the Calvinists, the Puritans, the Spaniards of the Inquisition, all filled with a wild lust for cruelty, the lust for the power to torture, to dominate and destroy the mysterious body of life. It is the will of man rising frenzied against the mystery of life itself, and struggling insanely to *dominate*, to have the life-issue in unutterable control, to squeeze the mystic thing, life, within the violent hands of possession, grasp it, squeeze it, have it, have unspeakable power over it.

Whereas, if we have one spark of sanity, we know that we can never possess and direct the life-mystery. The

utmost of our power is to possess and destroy. The life-mystery precedes us. Our simplest spontaneous movement *precedes* all knowing and willing. Secondly, and afterwards, we are conscious, we have voluntary control. Our knowing is always secondary and subsequent to our being, which is an issue of the creative unknown. And our volition is always subsidiary to our spontaneous arrival.

But there lies latent in the soul of man, at all times, the desire to reverse this order. In every man lies latent the passion to control and compel the issue of creation, by force of the self-conscious will. We have a latent craving to control from our deliberate will the very springing and welling-up of the life-impulse itself. This craving, once admitted, becomes a lust. This lust, once established and dominant, carries mankind to unthinkable lengths in the frenzied, insane purpose of having the life-issue utterly under human compulsion.

The Jews of old became established in this lust: hence their endless purifications, their assertion of control over the natural functions; hence also the rite of circumcision, the setting of the seal of self-conscious will upon the very quick of bodily impulse. The frenzied, self-mutilating Christians, the fakir-like saints, such as St. Simeon Stylites, the St. Anthony frenzied in celibacy, these men do but assert the utter tyranny of deliberate will over every spontaneous, uncontrollable motion. There must be a measure of control, that every deep desire may be fulfilled in its own fulness and proportion. But there must never be control for control's sake.

The great field for the lust of control in the modern world is America. Whether we read the history of Spanish America or of English-speaking America, it is the same, a disheartening, painful record of the lusting triumph of the deliberate will. On the one hand, the Spaniards in America, following the Spaniards of the Inquisition, lusted in the overweening sensual desire for repression of freedom in the spiritual self, whereas the North Americans lusted spiritually for utter repression in the sensual or passional self.

The New Englanders, wielding the sword of the spirit backwards, struck down the primal impulsive being in every man, leaving only a mechanical, automatic unit. In so doing they cut and destroyed the living bond between men, the rich passional contact. And for this passional contact gradually was substituted the mechanical bond of purposive utility. The spontaneous passion of social union once destroyed, then it

was possible to establish the perfect mechanical concord, the concord of a number of parts to a vast whole, a stupendous productive mechanism. And this, this vast mechanical concord of innumerable machine-parts, each performing its own motion in the intricate complexity of material production, this is the clue to the western democracy.

It has taken more than three hundred years to build this vast living machine. It has taken just as long to produce the modern Mexican, a creature of incomprehensible sensual reactions, barely human any longer.

But North America has proceeded in one line wonderfully. After only two generations in New England the first Yankees noticed that their stock had changed. The sturdy, ruddy, lusty English yeoman had disappeared, the long-jawed, sallow American took his place, with a pale, nervous womenfolk such as England has only lately begun to reckon with.

Uprooted from the native soil, planted in strong aboriginal earth, this thing happened to the English stock. The natural impulsive being withered, the deliberate, self-determined being appeared in his place. There was soon no more need to militate directly against the impulsive body. This once dispatched, man could attend to the deliberate perfection in mechanised existence. This is what makes good business men. And in this the American is like the Jew: in that, having conquered and destroyed the instinctive, impulsive being in himself, he is free to be always deliberate, always calculated, rapid, swift, and single in practical execution as a machine. The perfection of machine triumph, of deliberate self-determined motion, is to be found in the Americans and the Jews. Hence the race talent for acting. In other races the impulsive mystery of being interferes with the deliberate intention of the individual. In these not. Only, Americans and Jews suffer from a torturing frictional unease, an incapacity to rest. They must run on, like machines, or go mad. The only difference between a human machine and an iron machine is that the latter can come to an utter state of rest, the former cannot. No living thing can lapse into static inertia, as a machine at rest lapses. And this is where life is indomitable. It will be mechanised, but it will never allow mechanical inertia. Hence the Orestes-like flight of unrest of Americans and Jews.

And yet it cannot be for this alone that the millions have crossed the ocean. This thing, this mechanical democracy, new and monstrous on the face of the earth, cannot be an end

in itself. It is only a vast intervention, a marking-time, a mechanical life-pause. It is the tremendous statement in negation of our European being.

This sheer and monstrous reflection of Europe, Europe in negative reality, reflected to enormity on the American continent, will surely vanish swiftly, like one of the horrifying dreams. This is not the reality of America. It is only the reality of our own negation that the vast aboriginal continent reflects back at us. There will come an America which we cannot foretell, a new creation on the face of the earth, a world beyond us. The early Christianity produced monstrous growths, monstrous reflections of the world then dying, distorted and made huge by the new spirit. These monstrosities, like enormous horrifying phantoms that men do not care to remember, disappeared, leaving the new era to roll slowly on to the European summer. So the mechanical monstrosity of the west will presently disappear.

It was not for this that myriads crossed the seas, magnetically carried like birds in migration, without knowing why or whither, yet conducted along lines of pure magnetic attraction, to a goal. Spaniards, Puritans, Jews, Celts, they went in recoil of negation from Europe. They went in the lust for deliberate control of the living issues : lust for sensual gratification in pride or power or slave-tyranny on the part of the Spaniards and perhaps the Celts; lust for spiritual gratification in the ethical control of all life on the part of Jews and Puritans. But this was not the final motive for departure. This was the negative impulse. The positive is more unsearchable.

They went like birds down the great electric direction of the west, lifted like migrating birds on a magnetic current. They went in subtle vibration of response to the new earth, as animals travel far distances vibrating to the salt-licks.

They walked a new earth, were seized by a new electricity, and laid in line differently. Their bones, their nerves, their sinews took on a new molecular disposition in the new vibration.

They breathed a savage air, and their blood was suffused and burnt. A new fierce salt of the earth, in their mouths, penetrated and altered the substance of their bones. Meat of wild creatures, corn of the aboriginal earth, filled and impregnated them with the unknown America. Their subtlest plasm was changed under the radiation of new skies, new influence of light, their first and rarest life-stuff transmuted.

Thus, through hundreds of years, new races are made,

people slowly smelted down and re-cast. There is the slow and terrible process of transubstantiation. Who can tell what will come at the negative crisis of this reduction? What monstrosity? And, much more, who can tell what will come when the new world sets in?

For every great locality has its own pure daimon, and is conveyed at last into perfected life. We have seen Asia, and North Africa, and a good deal of Europe. We know the white abstraction of the Arctic and Antarctic continents, the unspeakable immortality of the ice, where existence is and being is not. There remains America, and, beyond, the even farther-off Australia.

Every great locality expresses itself perfectly, in its own flowers, its own birds and beasts, lastly its own men, with their perfected works. Mountains convey themselves in unutterable expressed perfection in the blue gentian flower and in the edelweiss flower, so soft, yet shaped like snow-crystals. The very strata of the earth come to a point of perfect, unutterable concentration in the inherent sapphires and emeralds. It is so with all worlds and all places of the world. We may take it as a law.

So now we wait for the fulfilment of the law in the west, the inception of a new era of living. At present there is a vast myriad-branched human engine, the very thought of which is death. But in the winter even a tree looks like iron. Seeing the great trunk of dark iron and the swaying steel flails of boughs, we cannot help being afraid. What we see of buds looks like sharp bronze stud-points. The whole thing hums elastic and sinister and fatally metallic, like some confused scourge of swinging steel throngs. Yet the lovely cloud of green and summer lustre is within it.

We wait for the miracle, for the new soft wind. Even the buds of iron break into soft little flames of issue. So will people change. So will the machine-parts open like buds and the great machines break into leaf. Even we can expect our iron ships to put forth vine and tendril and bunches of grapes, like the ship of Dionysos in full sail upon the ocean.

It only wants the miracle, the new, soft, creative wind: which does not blow yet. Meanwhile we can only stand and wait, knowing that what is, is not. And we can listen to the sad, weird utterance of this classic America, watch the transmutation from men into machines and ghosts, hear the last metallic sounds. Perhaps we can see as well glimpses of the mystic transubstantiation.

The Norton Folgate Affair

By Thomas Burke

NORTON FOLGATE is a loud London thoroughfare packed with poor shops and stalls. Two tawdry music-halls throw upon it a thin festal glow. It connects Bishopsgate with Shoreditch. It is well acquainted with murder and suicide, and is so familiar with burglary and sneak-thievery and the lesser offences that the discovery of the bodies in the warehouse made little impression on the district, save as a topic for the day in the four-ale bars. In three days, after the inquest, it was forgotten.

It is a commonplace story enough. Here are the letters and a stray Press item or two in which it is told.

. . . . . .

Well Joe this is a hell of a thing to do, but we are going through with it. I got my papers last week. But I am not going and I cant go till me and Violet have had a bit of time together. Aint it awful we should be like this—always at someones beck and call. Oh Joe love does make a difference to you. I hope some day you will find a girl—not like what we used to click with in Kingsland Road but a real girl. Violet was fifteen on Tuesday, so we decided to make it that day. I met her as she come from the factory Joe and we went a long walk and then a tram ride and then got back these parts about midnight. I had got it all fixed. I had been looking round for some time and found what we wanted where nobody would ever dream of looking for us. It was a warehouse Joe just behind Columbia Market but it had been empty for a long time. I had got in the night before and had a look round and it was all nice and dry on the first floor and I found a lot of straw shavings and things and I made up a bit of a bed like and tied a lot of it together and made hassicks to sit on and I fixed up a few old planks to make a sort of table. Lucky it was warm weather else we should have been cold because it wouldnt have done to have started a fire in the stove because someone who knew the place might see the smoke coming out. Well Joe that is where I took her. I had laid in a bit of grub of a sort and at one in the

morning we sat down there together as cosy as you please and had it. We didnt neither of us eat much. We was too excited I think.

Oh Joe we was happy. I hope Joe some day you will be as happy because you have been a good pal to me and I always liked you Joe and I want everybody to know how happy you can be when you can be together with a girl you love and what loves you. Oh Joe I never knew before how beautiful things were. I never knew how lovely girls are and what a difference comes into a girls face when she looks at her boy and nestles up to him. Joe do you remember how we used to joke about love and getting married. It seems horrible to think of it now. But I hope Joe you wont have to hide like a rabbit and only slink out at nights all because you love somebody—that is what we got to do.

. . . . . .

Dear Joe—we have been here twenty-four hours now. I suppose V has been missed from the factory and from home and I reckon they are wondering where I got to but I know you wont give a pal away Joe.

I slipped out last night to get some more grub in. Good job the streets is dark. Anyhow I didnt show my face at any shop round here. I went up to Dalston. I couldnt get much because we darent use our ration books us being registered at local shops for this and that which would have got us nabbed if we shown our faces where we was known. But I called at Fat Freds place up at Dalston and got some boiled beef and pease from him without a coupon. I pumped him a bit and he didnt know anything was wrong. There wont be nothing in the papers for a bit I suppose but I bet V's father will go to the police if she aint home to-night. I managed to get some beer and some lemonade and I pinched a glass from the lemonade shop.

Oh Joe when I got back I slipped in quiet like and V didnt hear me and what do you think I saw. She was sitting on one of the hassicks and just as I got there she reached for my old cap—what I thought I hadnt better wear because it is a bright brown colour and might be known—and hugged it to her and kissed it. Oh Joe I cant tell you what it makes a chap feel when he sees his girl do like that. As soon as I see what she was doing I slipped out again and come back again and made a bit of a noise this time so she would know. Oh Joe how I love her. Joe if we was to die at the same time I want you to go to her people and mine and make

them swear to let us be buried together. You will do this for me Joe wont you. You wont let a pal down will you. You got to do it in case anything happens.

I expect her father wont half be wild but if it did happen you must tell him it is my wish and V's wish. It is a bit out of the ordinary I know but if he loved his daughter and wants to do something to make up for those awful bruises that she carries on her arms and legs from him I think he will agree to it. If he doesnt and there is a Judge above us I hope he will meet out punishment to those what have deserved it by keeping us apart and treating her so shameful. Tell him that Joe.

But why am I going on like this. We are just in love with everything at present and we both laugh a lot at having to sneak out and lie doggo all day. I took V out for a stroll at about eleven and we mooched round a bit and it was a lovely night. Although we dont talk to nobody but each other we aint lonely. You aint Joe when you love properly.

. . . . . .

Well Joe last night we skipped away about eleven and it was another lovely night so we walked to Liverpool Street. We caught a late train. I didnt know where it was going but we hopped on without a ticket and went miles and miles into the country. And when it stopped at a place that looked nice we got out and I paid the fares from Liverpool Street. It was lovely. We got there about one in the morning and we walked a bit of a way till we come to a wood and then we laid down under a tree where it was all mossy and soft and we woke up about six when it was light and it looked just like Gods own country—all lovely. V did enjoy it. Well we just lazed about in them woods and played hide and seek and run races. Come on says V come and catch me. And off she went and she can run too. She did lead me a dance. And then she bolted into another wood. I was yards behind her and there I heard her voice saying I am lost come and find me. So I went after where the noise come from and then I heard it behind me—I am lost come and find me. And then I seemed to hear it everywhere but when I went there it come from somewhere else. And all of a sudden Joe I felt so lonely like in that wood because I couldnt see her nowhere but only heard her saying come and find me. And I didn't like it. And I got tired of the wood. So I called to her to come out and there she was right behind me. We didnt play that game no more. We was getting hungry. So

we walked into a village and had a slap up time with eggs and tea and lettiss and radishes and things. There was a piano there and V sat down and played all the ragtimes for about an hour. She always was one for a bit of music as you know. The old girl who kept the place thought we was just a couple of London munition workers what had got a day off and she was so took with V she couldnt do enough for us. We had a fine wash and brush up there and wanted it. That is what troubles us most. We cant find no water in the warehouse. She said she could let us have rooms if we wanted to stay the night but me and V didnt want to be separated and we thought sleeping out nicer. So we slept out that night again but not in those woods because we found a nicer place just on the banks of a river.

V is no end tickled by the way I talked to the old girl and the way I manage things and find out the cheap places. She said she never knew I had so much swank in me that is because I have always been a bit quiet and awkward with her like a chap is when he is really in love.

. . . . . .

We come back to the warehouse to-night. Everything looked alright. It didnt look as though anybody had spotted us. I wish there was some way of your dropping a note into the place so I can hear the news and know what is going on and whether there is any trouble about our going away. Joe that is quite right that about a friend in need being a friend indeed. You have always been the best pal a chap ever had and we have had some great times together aint we. You have been closer than a brother to me Joe. I will say that. You will easy know the place. Second to the right as you get through Columbia Market—a big empty place with a couple of pulley cranes outside and a notice to Let. Stick it under the door Joe but dont try to see us. We cant take no risks.

. . . . . .

Got your note old man. I guessed how it would be but it is a good thing they dont put two and two together. I hope the police didnt upset my landlady when they called round. She is a good old body. I suppose they think I have just bolted to avoid military service and dont guess we have gone together. I cant help laughing at that when I know how we was both looking forward to joining up when we was eighteen wasnt we. But that was before I met V. I am sorry her Dad has written to the papers about her disappear-

ance. I showed V your note and she says she will never never go back to her Dad. Oh Joe if you had seen the bruises and weels on her dear body you would feel like I do like as if I could do a murder on the man what done it. Bad as things are when I see my little white darling all marked like that and think of the shame and torture that I have saved her from I am glad over again for taking her away. As long as we are not caught I dont care a dam whether the whole world knows we have gone together. I never did mind what people thought about me no more do you. We have always kept ourselves to ourselves havent we and V was always refined and didnt mix much with the other lot and took no notice what they said about her. She asks me to thank you for what you have done for us and for keeping our secret. You are the only man in the world beside ourselves that knows. V never told a soul—she hadnt got anybody she could trust like I can trust you old man. One thing troubles me. When V had read your letter and the bit about the cops being after me she looked rather funny. She seems to be happy enough and I think she is for God knows I would cut my throat if that would make things any nicer for her. But she has said once or twice that she has been a lot of trouble to me and to everybody else and she said it again this time and I dont like to hear her talk that way. Oh Joe—what a wonderful girl she is. Such character and principals she has got—I never met anyone like her for that among our set which is all the kind I know. If ever there was a real good girl it is her. And so lively and all—over what we have to put up with in this place.

. . . . . .

Oh Joe Joe. It has happened. I knew it would. I never dared think of it. I never said so to myself. I just knew it deep down like. You will say that sounds silly but it is a fact. I knew it all the time. And it has come.

Joe I had been out to get something for supper and I come back with some hard-boiled eggs and some beer and a loaf of bread and some bananas and some saveloys what I had knocked off while the chap was arguing with someone. And I was looking forward to the feed we was going to have Joe—and oh Joe it is awful to write about. Me coming in with those things what I had had such fun in getting for her. And then Joe there she was lying on the bed of shavings all still. I knew before I looked at her. She was dead Joe and there was a bottle of something by her side. How she had

got it I dont know because she never went into any shop without me. She must have brought it with her in case. But oh Joe she is dead now—my darling little V. Oh God I loved her Joe more than I thought one could and it is me what has killed her. I didnt ought to have interfered. I didnt ought to have taken her from her home but what could I do Joe when I loved her so and see her suffering like that. I never thought that being in love meant what it has to me. I never see none of these awful things coming Joe when I first knew her. She had left a letter for me for good-bye. This is what she says Joe my precious little girl:

Sweet,

I love you too much to see you in any more trouble than you have already got into through loving me so. I will now say goodbye sweetheart for the last time and when you see Joe say Hullo for me and tell him I hope we will all meet again some day. You will let Dad know wont you sweetheart. I thought after a while we might have gone back and got married when he had calmed down a bit but there seems no way out.

Why cant we do what we want to so long as we dont do nobody any harm. When I met you dear I knew then that the world was good and all a lovely place. Why did they bother us so. I wonder why we cant all be happy. I thought the world was so big and good but really it is like being in a cage. You cant do anything in the world unless somebody else lets you. I am myself and so are you. Why cant we be let alone.

Tell Joe that if he finds a nice girl I hope he wins her and dont have nobody saying you shant and he will be happy as I know I would if I could live for always with you dear.

Well Joe I want you to take this letter to the police and tell them to come here and they will find us because this is Goodbye for me too Joe. I cant help thinking as I write this and look at her lying there so still what she was saying in the woods. It seems I can hear her voice in this warehouse Joe saying I am lost come and find me. So I am going to her Joe. I got that little gun what we bought for a lark in Bethnal Green Road and I got two cartridges. Joe—dont you forget what I said in one of the other letters about our being side by side. You got to see it done Joe for the sake of your old dead pal. And now goodbye and all the best to you and the rest of the chaps at the works. It is all over. It had to end somehow I suppose and I knew this would be it and perhaps this way is just as well. There is a lot of misery in the world Joe that nobody can help. My darling had a rough time all her life but she looks very quiet now like as though she had dropped off to sleep after being very tired. I hope you will have a better time when you meet your girl Joe.

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From the Local Press.

When information was taken to Ephraim Carfax, who was found at the Wesleyan Chapel at Foljambe Street, that the dead body of his daughter, Violet Beatrice Carfax, had been found in a disused warehouse side by side with the dead body of a man who was being sought by the military, he made no comment beyond saying: "I thought she had gone with a man. This is a sad blow. What are they going to do with the bodies? I suppose this will get into the papers." Mr. Carfax, who has an ironmongery business in Norton Folgate, is a well-known chapel worker, and is highly respected in the district.

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At the inquest on the bodies of Violet Beatrice Carfax, 15, and George Borrowdale, 18, verdicts of suicide while of unsound mind were returned in each case, a rider being added to the effect that the girl was clearly under the influence of the man at the time. Letters from the deceased were put in which seemed to call for no other verdict. The father of the girl, giving evidence, stated that she had disappeared on Wednesday the 18th. Regarding certain passages in the letters, he admitted having frequently whipped her in order to stop her from "going with boys," and to make her come in by nine o'clock. She was always in the streets. He was not aware that on several occasions when she had not come home until half-past ten, and had been punished, her factory was working overtime. He had not believed her when she pleaded this, as she was not always truthful.

The jury expressed their sympathy with the father in his bereavement, who is a prominent and highly-respected member of the Foljambe Street Wesleyan Chapel.

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The funeral of Violet Beatrice Carfax, who, together with a man, committed suicide in a disused warehouse, took place to-day at Bethnal Green. Although the deceased had expressed in their letters a wish that they might be buried together, the father of Carfax refused to permit this. The body of the man was interred to-day at Islington. There were no mourners in either case, Mr. Carfax, who is well known locally as a Wesleyan worker, being confined to his home with a chill.

Spiritualism and its New Revelations (ii)

By Bernard Sickert

I WILL make one more extract from *The New Revelation* before turning to the doctrinal part of my theme, and I am glad to say that I am for once in cordial agreement with Sir Arthur. "The whole system of paying by results, which is practically the present system, since if a medium never gets results he would soon get no payments, is a vicious one." When we turn to the greatest authorities on this subject, Myers and Gurney, in the "Phantasms of the Living," pursued their investigations "through private sources, and free at any rate from the specific suspicion to which the presence of a 'paid medium' must inevitably give rise." And now, years after this exemplary procedure, we find seekers not merely consulting paid mediums, but paying by results! If I turn now to Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond, or Life and Death*, it is not with a view to going all over that ground again, which has been amply covered by previous reviewers, but in order to emphasise the fact that he, like other spiritualists, is reluctant to admit that telepathy, as established chiefly by Myers, is sufficient to account for the bulk of the phenomena enumerated by him. Andrew Lang, and, I believe, Podmore, showed that when once it had been established that telepathic communication is possible, not merely experimentally—*i.e.*, between two persons who deliberately try to get *en rapport*—but unconsciously between an agent at some acute crisis and a sympathetic, but not prepared, recipient, there is nothing inherently incredible in the supposition that such a message might be switched on to a second, a third, a fourth recipient. This may, for instance, account for the "group photograph," since there were twenty-one officers in that group.

As for the rest of the book, in so far as it is a record and not an exposition or an expression of opinion, there is little material to criticise. Message follows message, and although most of them were presumably beyond the knowledge of the medium engaged, only one was outside the conscious knowledge of some member of the family.

Most of the tests are interesting as examples of telepathy; names of houses, such as Grove Park and Newcastle, the nickname of "Pat," allusions to "Argonaut" and "Dartmoor," and "Honolulu." The last is a very successful instance of telepathy. Three of the family at a sitting at Edgbaston think of the verse introduced formerly by Raymond into an old song with an allusion to "Honolulu," and two others at a simultaneous sitting with Mrs. Leonard in London receive a message, "Play Honolulu," introduced without preamble. But, remarkable as this cross-correspondence is, it is nothing to the truly amazing *volte face* which is performed by Sir Oliver Lodge in his comment thereon. "What it does not exclude is telepathy. Telepathy, however—of whatever kind—is not a normal explanation; and I venture to say that there is no normal explanation, since, in my judgment, chance is out of the question."

Here, in one sentence, casually introduced, the whole purport of this book, the proof of communications from spirits of the departed, is abandoned, and we are invited to fall back on telepathy, which is not in dispute and which I may say is, partly through the work of Gurney and Myers as pioneers, so little disputed that we may *now* fairly call it a normal though not a frequent occurrence. Nothing but impatient ignorance could attribute the Honolulu message to chance.

But, returning to the messages, what must strike one chiefly besides their purport is their form, regarding them as messages from the dead. For what reason are they invariably introduced in some cryptic form, as a kind of puzzle, or cryptogram, allusively, by initials; gradually, by stages; incorrectly, by blunders? Example: "Do you know F. W. M.? I see those three letters; do you know S. T.? Yes; I get S. T., then a dot, and then P. These are shown to me. I see them in light." (Allusion to F. W. Myers and his poem *St. Paul.*) All the messages have this character, appearing to make the proceedings of the nature of a silly and frivolous game, inappropriate to the occasion.

We must inquire, then, what is their aim? Obviously, first to establish the reliability of the medium, for if your channel is tainted it is useless to hope for a pure stream. The first message, *and the first message only*, should be of such a kind that the medium does not and cannot understand it, but the recipients do. Such a message as the "Argonaut" or "Grove Park" or "Land yacht" items would have served the purpose, which is merely to establish the *bona fides* of the

medium. The second point to be established through the second message is its authenticity—that is to say, the assurance that it has not arisen from the recipients themselves, consciously or unconsciously. In form the "Mitchell" message is perfect of its kind, but the name is hardly more evidential than the name of Smith. Here we find, early in the book, an example of what one must call the singular incompetence of the spirit throughout, as of all spirits I have read about. There was ready to his hand, at that very instant, a name so singular that it caught my eye at once when I casually ran my eye down the casualty list, which I very seldom do, the name of a man who would have given no dubious answer—Captain Boast. If the table had rapped out B. O. A. S. T., conviction would have been carried to many, perhaps most, minds of men who can regard these phenomena in a cool, dispassionate light.

Now as to the triviality of the messages. No one can reasonably quarrel with the first messages on that score. Nothing should be considered trivial if it is only crucial, and details are apt to be trivial. But a little research would suffice anyone to refer to some fact known only to the agent. If I wanted to send a telepathic message, as a test, I should send as follows: "In the left-hand top drawer of my chest you will find a little oval nickel charm which I picked up on the grounds here. On one side is a relief of Jesus Christ, on the other the figure of the Madonna and Child." . . . No one of my friends and acquaintances could possibly by any coincidence guess this fact, and such a message therefore could only come from me. It would be crucial and final. Not once does Raymond, or any other spirit, send a message of that stamp.

Whilst we should expect, and indeed demand, that the first messages should be of the nature I have indicated, when you have *tested your wire once*, found it in working order, it is superfluous to *continue testing*. And yet Raymond goes on and on interminably with test after test. It is as if correspondents at the telephone were to do nothing but ring the telephone bell. If that is not the point of the following messages, which form the bulk of the book, what is their point? No doubt these family reminiscences have a point and an interest for the family, and the sacrifice of decency would be amply justified if they were evidentially convincing. But the accumulation of trivial incidents, none of which are really convincing, is to be deplored. Still more lament-

able are the excursions which we are invited to attend into regions which are held to be so sacred that even an atheist with any spark of reverence must deprecate them.

Physical Phenomena.

By "physical phenomena" we must understand the direct action of mind on matter without the intervention of brain, nerve, or muscle. Under this head we would include levitations, or the raising of any body, human or other, into the air; rappings on a table or other inanimate object; the creation of matter; the annihilation of matter; spirit photographs; the handling of fire, etc., etc.

Sir Arthur is a whole-hearted believer in these phenomena; he quotes from Wallace without misgiving the assertion that D. Home (the nephew of the Earl of Home) floated out of one window and into another at a height of seventy feet above the ground. The following, experienced by Wallace himself, can therefore present no difficulties to him. They are certainly, as he describes them, "both numerous and varied": A guitar which behaved as if alive; a chair which moved away just as a relation of Mr. R. was going to sit on it; a table which rose vertically from six inches to a foot; the levitation of Mrs. Guppy, who was found to be quietly seated in her chair on the centre of the table, her head just touching the chandelier; the creation of flowers, consisting of anemones, tulips, chrysanthemums, Chinese primroses, etc., by, or at least through, the mediumship of the same Mrs. Guppy; the production of spirit photographs on three occasions, in each of which a spirit form appeared in the negative. The first was that of a male figure with a short sword.

But these phenomena, remarkable as they are, pale when compared with others referred to by Wallace as fully established:—

In 1870 Daniel Home placed a lump of burning coal on Mr. C. S. Hall's head. "Mr. Home smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal." Sir William Crookes "was allowed to go into the dark room accompanied by the spirit, and there both saw and felt Miss Cook (the medium), dressed in black velvet, lying in a trance on the floor, while the spirit form in white robes stood close beside her, and, by permission, clasped the figure (of the spirit this time), and found it to be apparently that of a real living woman."—The tangible,

visible, and audible figure of Mr. Livermore's deceased wife, sometimes accompanied by a male figure, purporting to be Dr. Franklin.—The late Mrs. Livermore allowed a portion of her dress to be cut off, which in a short time melted away and became invisible.

The comments which naturally arise in our minds on these events are both "numerous and varied." As to Mrs. Guppy and her powers of creation and levitation, we are tempted to exclaim in her own words, "Why don't you get out?" The triumphant declaration that in the case of the flowers "covered with dew"—"Delusion it cannot be, for the flowers are real and can be preserved," is paralleled by the experience of Mrs. Howitt, who "planted a sprig of geranium handed by an invisible hand, and it is now growing." Thus argued honest Smith concerning Jack Cade: "He made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive to this day to testify it." As for the "male figure with a short sword" who disappears as abruptly as he appears, *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*—unless we may conjecture that he was an ancestor, William Wallace, let us say.

Regarding these physical phenomena, Sir Oliver's attitude is far from satisfactory. He shows caution, and in that respect differs widely from Conan Doyle, but caution is not quite the same thing as evasion. In *Raymond* he excuses himself from entering into a discussion, because the phenomena did enter into the purview of that book. He says expressly: "I am not in this book describing any cases of that sort." Yet the behaviour of the table on some occasions is thus described: "The table now seemed to wish to get into Lady Lodge's lap, and made most caressing movements to and fro." "It then laid itself down on the ground." "It lifted itself quite a foot from the ground." "It found a corner of the skirting-board, where it could lodge one foot about six inches from the ground; it then raised the other three level with it in the air; and this it did many times, seeming delighted with its new trick."

Now for the exposition. "A table sitting seems to be less interfered with by the mental activity of an intervening medium, and to be rather more direct. The tilting of the table need not be regarded as a 'physical phenomenon' in the technical and supernormal sense, yet it does not *appear* to be done by the muscles of those present. We may assume that the table or other piece of furniture is tilted or moved by regular muscular force; certainly it can only move at the

expense of the energy of the medium or of people present. The effort required to tilt the table is slight, and evidentially it must no doubt be assumed that, so far as mechanical force is concerned, it is exerted by muscular action. But my impression is that the tilting is an incipient physical phenomenon, and that though the energy, of course, comes from the people present, it does not appear to be applied in quite a normal way. Inert matter appears to be operated on without the direct intervention of physiological mechanism. Yet such mechanism must be in the neighbourhood. A table (I must testify) can exhibit hesitation, it can exhibit certainty, it can seek for information, it can convey it, it can indicate joy or sorrow, fun or gravity. Most notable of all, it can exhibit affection in an unmistakable manner."

The whole of this exposition is far from clear, and it is unclear because it is shifty. At one time we are given to understand that the table only moves when touched; he speaks of "those whose hands lie flat on the top of the table," which is precise enough; at another time, that physical mechanism need be only "in the neighbourhood." He also says: "I must add that the movements were *not* physically impossible from those whose hands were only on the table-top," but "no *conscious* effort was employed by anyone present." This means, if it means anything, that deliberately conscious exertion on the part of persons *holding their hands flat on a table* could make it lodge one foot on the skirting-board and raise the other three in the air, or try to get into a lady's lap, or lay itself down on the ground. I simply deny this. Talk of "incipient" physical phenomena! Why, these are physical phenomena in full blast; there is nothing incipient about them. It is only fair to say that these little games did not occur when Sir Oliver himself was present, but they are recorded by him, and should therefore not conflict with his exposition. It is difficult to make head or tail of the emotions which he affirms a table is capable of exhibiting—the joy, sorrow, fun, gravity, affection, etc. This should mean that the emotions thus interpreted by him from the sounds and movements issuing from the table would be so interpreted by anyone taking part in the sitting—by me, for instance, which I am quite justified in denying. The sitters evidently get so exalted that they fail at last to distinguish between the spirit and the table, as when Miss Wood writes: "He was so pleased, and showed it so vigorously, that he, and we, all laughed together." The "he" referring not, as one might

suppose, to the table, but to the spirit. She does not say the table laughed, though, indeed, if a table could express all the other emotions so unmistakably, I don't see what is to prevent its laughing.

It is true, however, that these physical phenomena, whether "incipient" or not, take but a small space within the pages of this particular book *Raymond*, but if we turn for enlightenment to an earlier work, *The Survival of Man*, we find the same evasiveness. In an early Presidential Address Professor Sidgwick said: "It is a scandal that a dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should still be going on." Now the S.P.R. was started in 1882 for the express purpose of investigating these phenomena, and if it was a scandal then, what are we say of it now, in 1918? In *The Survival of Man* (p. 21) we find: "There is the question of so-called spirit-photography; there are asserted levitations and apports and physical movements, none of which have been subjected to adequate scientific examination." What a remarkable confession! These physical phenomena first came into notice through Kate Fox in 1848; so we have a period of sixty years, which is still to be considered not long enough for their establishment or confutation. Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Until these things have been submitted to long-continued scientific scrutiny they will make no undisputed impression. They will be either improperly accepted or improperly rejected." How long after the announcement of the discoveries of M. and Mme. Curie did it take for them to be accepted by the scientific world? Not sixty years. The attitude of the "open mind" can be pushed to extremes which render it far from scientific. We materialists are always being challenged to account for this and account for that. But we do not feel called upon to account for phenomena until at least they are established to the satisfaction of those who put them forward. We are not going to waste time discussing

> "Why the sea is boiling hot,
> And whether pigs have wings."

That remarkable masterpiece of Morley Roberts, *Time and Thomas Waring*, contains a humorous but very just criticism on the agnostic attitude. The agnostics say: "I have not seen my way hitherto to decide one way or the other whether there is or is not a Bengal tiger on the roof." Would it not be more honest, says Waring, to answer: "There is no Bengal tiger on the roof"?

Dusky Ruth

By A. E. Coppard

At the close of an April day, chilly and wet, the traveller came to a country town. In the Cotswolds, though the towns are small and sweet and the inns snug, the general habit of the land is bleak and bare. He had newly come upon upland roads so void of human affairs, so lonely, that they might have been made for some forgotten uses by departed men, and left to the unwitting passage of such strangers as himself. Even the unending walls, built of old rough laminated rock, that detailed the far-spreading fields, had grown very old again in their courses; there were dabs of darkness, buttons of moss, and fossils on every stone. He had passed a few neighbourhoods, sometimes at the crook of a stream, or at the cross of debouching roads, where old habitations, their gangrenated thatch riddled with bird holes, had been not so much erected as just spattered about the places. Beyond these signs an odd lark or blackbird, the ruckle of partridges, or the nifty gallop of a hare had been the only mitigation of the living loneliness that was almost as profound by day as by night. But the traveller had a care for such times and places. There are men who love to gaze with the mind at things that can never be seen, feel at least the throb of a beauty that will never be known, and hear over immense bleak reaches the echo of that which is no celestial music, but only their own hearts' vain cries; and though his garments clung to him like clay it was with deliberate questing step that the traveller trod the single street of the town, and at last entered the inn, shuffling his shoes in the doorway for a moment and striking the raindrops from his hat. Then he turned into a small smoking-room. Leather-lined benches, much worn, were fixed to the wall under the window and in other odd corners and nooks behind mahogany tables. One wall was furnished with all the congenial gear of a bar, but without any intervening counter. Opposite a bright fire was burning, and a neatly-dressed young woman sat before it in a Windsor chair, staring at the flames. There was no other inmate of the room, and as he entered the girl rose up and greeted him. He found

that he could be accommodated for the night, and in a few moments his hat and scarf were removed and placed inside the fender, his wet overcoat was taken to the kitchen, the landlord, an old fellow, was lending him a roomy pair of slippers, and a maid was setting supper in an adjoining room.

He sat while this was doing and talked to the barmaid. She had a beautiful, but rather mournful, face as it was lit by the firelight, and when her glance was turned away from it her eyes had a piercing brightness. Friendly and well spoken as she was, the melancholy in her aspect was noticeable—perhaps it was the dim room, or the wet day, or the long hours ministering a multitude of cocktails to thirsty gallantry.

When he went to his supper he found cheering food and drink, with pleasant garniture of silver and mahogany. There were no other visitors, he was to be alone; blinds were drawn, lamps lit, and the fire at his back was comforting. So he sat long about his meal until a white-faced maid came to clear the table, discoursing to him about country things as she busied about the room. It was a long, narrow room, with a sideboard and the door at one end and the fireplace at the other. A bookshelf, almost devoid of books, contained a number of plates; the long wall that faced the windows was almost destitute of pictures, but there were hung upon it, for some inscrutable but doubtless sufficient reason, many dish-covers, solidly shaped, of the kind held in such mysterious regard and known as "willow pattern"; one was even hung upon the face of a map. Two musty prints were mixed with them, presentiments of horses having a stilted, extravagant physique, and bestridden by images of inhuman and incommunicable dignity, clothed in whiskers, coloured jackets, and tight, white breeches.

He took down the books from the shelf, but his interest was speedily exhausted, and the almanacs, the county directory, and various guide-books were exchanged for the *Cotswold Chronicle*. With this, having drawn the deep chair to the hearth, he whiled away the time. The newspaper amused him with the advertisements of stock shows, farm auctions, travelling quacks and conjurers, and there was a lengthy account of the execution of a local felon, one Timothy Bridger, who had murdered an infant in some shameful circumstances. This dazzling crescendo proved rather trying to the traveller; he threw down the paper. The town was all quiet as the hills, and he could hear no sounds in the house.

He got up and went across the hall to the smoke-room. The door was shut, but there was light within, and he entered. The girl sat there much as he had seen her on his arrival, still alone, with feet on fender. He shut the door behind him, sat down, and crossing his legs puffed at his pipe, admired the snug little room and the pretty figure of the girl, which he could do without embarrassment, as her meditative head, slightly bowed, was turned away from him. He could see something of her, too, in the mirror at the bar, which repeated also the agreeable contours of bottles of coloured wines and rich liqueurs—so entrancing in form and aspect that they seemed destined to charming histories, even in disuse—and those of familiar outline containing mere spirits or small beer, for which are reserved the harsher destinies of base oils, horse medicines, disinfectants, and cold tea. There were coloured glasses for bitter wines, white glasses for sweet, a tiny leaden sink beneath them, and the four black handles of the beer engine.

The girl wore a light blouse of silk, a short skirt of black velvet, and a pair of very thin silk stockings that showed the flesh of instep and shin so plainly that he could see they were reddened by the warmth of the fire. She had on a pair of dainty cloth shoes with high heels, but what was wonderful about her was the heap of rich black hair piled at the back of her head and shadowing the dusky neck. He sat puffing his pipe and letting the loud tick of the clock fill the quiet room. She did not stir and he could move no muscle. It was as if he had been willed to come there and wait silently. That, he felt now, had been his desire all the evening; and here, in her presence, he was more strangely stirred in a few short minutes than at any event he could remember.

In youth he had viewed women as futile, pitiable things that grew long hair, wore stays and garters, and prayed incomprehensible prayers. Viewing them in the stalls of the theatre from his vantage-point in the gallery, he always disliked the articulation of their naked shoulders. But still, there was a god in the sky, a god with flowing hair and exquisite eyes, whose one stride with an ardour grandly rendered took him across the whole round hemisphere to which his buoyant limbs were bound like spokes to the eternal rim and axle, his bright hair burning in the pity of the sunsets and tossing in the anger of the dawns.

Master traveller had indeed come into this room to be with this woman, and she as surely desired him, and for all its

accidental occasion it was as if he, walking the ways of the world, had suddenly come upon what, what so imaginable with all permitted reverence as, well, just a shrine; and he, admirably humble, bowed the instant head.

Were there no other people within? The clock indicated a few minutes to nine. He sat on, still as stone, and the woman might have been of wax for all the movement or sound she made. There was allurement in the air between them; he had forborne his smoking, the pipe grew cold between his teeth. He waited for a look from her, a movement to break the trance of silence. No footfall in street or house, no voice in the inn but the clock, beating away as if pronouncing a doom. Suddenly it rasped out nine large notes, a bell in the town repeated them dolefully, and a cuckoo no further than the kitchen mocked them with three times three. After that came the weak steps of the old landlord along the hall, the slam of doors, the clatter of lock and bolt, and then the silence returning unendurably upon them.

He arose and stood behind her; he touched the black hair. She made no movement or sign. He pulled out two or three combs, and dropping them into her lap let the whole mass tumble about his hands. It had a curious harsh touch in the unravelling, but was so full and shining; black as a rook's wings it was. He slid his palms through it. His fingers searched it and fought with its fine strangeness; into his mind there travelled a serious thought, stilling his wayward fancy—this was no wayward fancy, but a rite accomplishing itself! (*Run, run, silly man, y'are lost!*) But having got so far he burnt his boats, leaned over, and drew her face back to him. And at that, seizing his wrists, she gave him back ardour for ardour, pressing his hands to her bosom, while the kiss was sealed again and again. Then she sprang up and picking his scarf and hat from the fender said:

"I have been drying them for you, but the hat has shrunk a bit, I'm sure—I tried it on."

He took them from her and put them behind him; he leaned lightly back upon the table, holding it with both his hands behind him; he could not speak.

"Aren't you going to thank me for drying them?" she asked, picking her combs from the rug and repinning her hair.

"I wonder why we did that?" he asked, shamedly.

"It is what I'm thinking too," she said.

"You were so beautiful about . . . about it, you know."

She made no rejoinder, but continued to bind her hair,

looking brightly at him under her brows. When she had finished she went close to him.

"Will that do?"

"I'll take it down again."

"No, no, the old man or the old woman will be coming in."

"What of that?" he said, taking her into his arms, "tell me your name."

She shook her head, but she returned his kisses and stroked his hair and shoulders with beautifully melting gestures.

"What is your name, I want to call you by your name?" he said; "I can't keep calling you Lovely Woman, Lovely Woman."

Again she shook her head and was dumb.

"I'll call you Ruth then, Dusky Ruth, Ruth of the black, beautiful hair."

"That is a nice-sounding name—I knew a deaf and dumb girl named Ruth; she went to Nottingham and married an organ grinder—but I should like it for my name."

"Then I give it to you."

"Mine is so ugly."

"What is it?"

Again the shaken head and the burning caress.

"Then you shall be Ruth; will you keep that name?"

"Yes, if you give me the name I will keep it for you."

Time had indeed taken them by the forelock, and they looked up a ruddled world.

"I stake my one talent," he said jestingly, "and behold it returns me fortyfold; I feel like the boy who catches three mice with one piece of cheese."

At ten o'clock the girl said:

"I must go and see how *they* are getting on," and she went to the door.

"Are we keeping them up?"

She nodded. "Are you tired?"

"No, I am not tired."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"We ought not to stay in here; go into the coffee room and I'll come there in a few minutes."

"Right," he whispered gaily, "we'll sit up all night."

She stood at the door for him to pass out, and he crossed the hall to the other room. It was in darkness except for the flash of the fire. Standing at the hearth he lit a match for

the lamp, but paused at the globe; then he extinguished the match.

" No it's better to sit in the firelight."

He heard voices at the other end of the house that seemed to have a chiding note in them.

" Lord," he thought, " is she getting into a row? "

Then her steps came echoing over the stone floors of the hall; she opened the door and stood there with a lighted candle in her hand; he stood at the other end of the room, smiling.

" Good night," she said.

" Oh no, no! come along," he protested, but not moving from the hearth.

" Got to go to bed," she answered.

" Are they angry with you? "

" No."

" Well, then, come over here and sit down."

" Got to go to bed," she said again, but she had meanwhile put her candlestick upon the little sideboard and was trimming the wick with a burnt match.

" Oh, come along, just half an hour," he protested. She did not answer but went on prodding the wick of the candle.

" Ten minutes, then," he said, still not going towards her.

" Five minutes," he begged.

She shook her head, and picking up the candlestick turned to the door. He did not move, he just called her name: " Ruth! "

She came back then, put down the candlestick and tiptoed across the room until he met her. The bliss of the embrace was so poignant that he was almost glad when she stood up again and said with affected steadiness, though he heard the tremor in her voice:

" I must get you your candle."

She brought one from the hall, set it on the table in front of him, and struck the match.

" What is my number? " he asked.

" Number six room," she answered, prodding the wick vaguely with her match, while a slip of white wax dropped over the shoulder of the new candle. " Number six . . . next to mine."

The match burnt out; she said abruptly " Good-night," took up her own candle and left him there.

In a few moments he ascended the stairs and went into his room. He fastened the door, removed his coat, collar, and

slippers, but the rack of passion had seized him and he moved about with no inclination to sleep. He sat down, but there was no medium of distraction. He tried to read the newspaper which he had carried up with him, and without realising a single phrase he forced himself to read again the whole account of the execution of the miscreant Bridger. When he had finished this he carefully folded the paper, and stood up, listening. He went to the parting wall and tapped thereon with his finger tips. He waited half a minute, one minute, two minutes; there was no answering sign. He tapped again, more loudly, with his knuckles, but there was no response, and he tapped many times. He opened his door as noiselessly as possible; along the dark passage there were slips of light under the other doors, the one next his own, and the one beyond that. He stood in the corridor listening to the rumble of old voices in the farther room, the old man and his wife going to their rest. Holding his breath fearfully he stepped to *her* door and tapped gently upon it. There was no answer, but he could somehow divine her awareness of him; he tapped again; she moved to the door and whispered "No, no, go away." He turned the handle, the door was locked.

"Let me in," he pleaded. He knew she was standing there an inch or two beyond him.

"Hush," she called softly. "Go away, the old woman has ears like a fox."

He stood silent for a moment.

"Unlock it," he urged; but he got no further reply, and feeling foolish and baffled he moved back to his own room, cast his clothes from him, doused the candle and crept into the bed with soul wild as a storm-swept forest, his heart beating a vagrant summons. The room filled with strange heat, there was no composure for mind or limb, nothing but flaming visions and furious embraces.

"Morality . . . what is it but agreement with your own soul?"

So he lay for two hours—the clocks chimed twelve—listening with foolish persistency for *her* step along the corridor, fancying every light sound—and the night was full of them—was her hand upon the door.

Suddenly, then—and it seemed as if his very heart would abash the house with its thunder—he could hear distinctly someone knocking on the wall. He got quickly from his bed and stood at his door, listening. Again the knocking was

heard, and having half-clothed himself he crept into the passage, which was now in utter darkness, trailing his hand along the wall until he felt her door; it was standing open. He entered her room and closed the door behind him. There was not the faintest gleam of light, he could see nothing. He whispered "Ruth!" and she was standing there. She touched him, but not speaking. He put out his hands, and they met round her neck; her hair was flowing in its great wave about her; he put his lips to her face and found that her eyes were streaming with tears, salt and strange and disturbing. In the close darkness he put his arms about her with no thought but to comfort her; one hand had plunged through the long harsh tresses and the other across her hips before he realised that she was ungowned; then he was aware of the softness of her breasts and the cold naked sleekness of her shoulders. But she was crying there, crying silently with great tears, her strange sorrow stifling his desire.

"Ruth, Ruth, my beautiful dear!" he murmured soothingly. He felt for the bed with one hand, and turning back the quilt and sheets he lifted her in as easily as a mother does her child, replaced the bedding, and, in his clothes, he lay stretched beside her comforting her. They lay so, innocent as children, for an hour, when she seemed to have gone to sleep. He rose then and went silently to his room, full of weariness.

In the morning he breakfasted without seeing her, but as he had business in the world that gave him just an hour longer at the Inn before he left it for good and all, he went into the smoke room and found her. She greeted him with curious gaze, but merrily enough, for there were other men there now, farmers, a butcher, a registrar, an old, old man. The hour passed, but not these men, and at length he donned his coat, took up his stick, and said good-bye. Her shining glances followed him to the door, and from the window as far as they could view him.

The Generous Gambler

(*From the French of* CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)

Translated by Arthur Symons

YESTERDAY, across the crowd of the boulevard, I found myself touched by a mysterious Being I had always desired to know, and who I recognised immediately, in spite of the fact that I had never seen him. He had, I imagined, in himself, relatively as to me, a similar desire, for he gave me, in passing, so significant a sign in his eyes that I hastened to obey him. I followed him attentively, and soon I descended behind him into a subterranean dwelling, astonishing to me as a vision, where shone a luxury of which none of the actual houses in Paris could give me an approximate example. It seemed to me singular that I had passed so often that prodigious retreat without having discovered the entrance. There reigned an exquisite, an almost stifling atmosphere, which made one forget almost instantaneously all the fastidious horrors of life; there I breathed a sombre sensuality, like that of opium-smokers when, set on the shore of an enchanted island, over which shone an eternal afternoon, they felt born in them, to the soothing sounds of melodious cascades, the desire of never again seeing their households, their women, their children, and of never again being tossed on the decks of ships by storms.

There were there strange faces of men and women, gifted with so fatal a beauty that I seemed to have seen them years ago and in countries which I failed to remember, and which inspired in me that curious sympathy and that equally curious sense of fear that I usually discover in unknown aspects. If I wanted to define in some fashion or other the singular expression of their eyes, I would say that never had I seen such magic radiance more energetically expressing the horror of *ennui* and of desire—of the immortal desire of feeling themselves alive.

As for mine host and myself, we were already, as we sat down, as perfect friends as if we had always known each other. We drank immeasurably of all sorts of extraordinary

wines, and—a thing not less bizarre—it seemed to me, after several hours, that I was no more intoxicated than he was.

However, gambling, this superhuman pleasure, had cut, at various intervals, our copious libations, and I ought to say that I had gained and lost my soul, as we were playing, with an heroical carelessness and light-heartedness. The soul is so invisible a thing, often useless and sometimes so troublesome, that I did not experience, as to this loss, more than that kind of emotion I might have had had I lost my visiting-card in the street.

We spent hours in smoking cigars, whose incomparable savour and perfume give to the soul the nostalgia of unknown delights and sights, and, intoxicated by all these spiced sauces, I dared, in an access of familiarity which did not seem to displease him, to cry, as I lifted a glass filled to the brim with wine: "To your immortal health, Old He-Goat!"

We talked of the universe, of its creation and of its future destruction; of the leading ideas of the century—that is to say, of Progress and Perfectibility—and, in general, of all kinds of human infatuations. On this subject his Highness was inexhaustible in his irrefutable jests, and he expressed himself with a splendour of diction and with a magnificence in drollery such as I have never found in any of the most famous conversationalists of our age. He explained to me the absurdity of different philosophies that had so far taken possession of men's brains, and deigned even to take me in confidence in regard to certain fundamental principles, which I am not inclined to share with anyone.

He complained in no way of the evil reputation under which he lived, indeed, all over the world, and he assured me that he himself was of all living beings the most interested in the destruction of *Superstition*, and he avowed to me that he had been afraid, relatively as to his proper power, once only, and that was on the day when he had heard a preacher, more subtle than the rest of the human herd, cry in his pulpit: "My dear brethren, do not ever forget, when your hear the progress of lights praised, that the loveliest trick of the Devil is to persuade you that they don't exist!"

The memory of this famous orator brought us naturally on the subject of Academies, and my strange host declared to me that he didn't disdain, in many cases, to inspire the pens, the words, and the consciences of pedagogues, and that he almost always assisted in person, in spite of being invisible, at all the scientific meetings.

Encouraged by so much kindness I asked him if he had any news of God—who has not his hours of impiety?—especially as the old friend of the Devil. He said to me, with a shade of unconcern united with a deeper shade of sadness: "We salute each other when we meet." But, for the rest, he spoke in Hebrew.

It is uncertain if his Highness has ever given so long an audience to a simple mortal, and I feared to abuse it.

Finally, as the dark approached shivering, this famous personage, sung by so many poets, and served by so many philosophers who work for his glory's sake without being aware of it, said to me: "I want you to remember me always, and to prove to you that I——of whom one says so much evil—am often enough *bon diable*, to make use of one of your vulgar locutions. So as to make up for the irremediable loss that you have made of your soul, I shall give you back the stake you ought to have gained, if your fate had been fortunate—that is to say, the possibility of solacing and of conquering, during your whole life, this bizarre affection of *ennui*, which is the source of all your maladies and of all your miseries. Never a desire shall be formed by you that I will not aid you to realise; you will reign over your vulgar equals; money and gold and diamonds, fairy palaces, shall come to seek you and shall ask you to accept them without your having made the least effort to obtain them; you can change your abode as often as you like; you shall have in your power all sensualities without lassitude, in lands where the climate is always hot, and where the women are as scented as the flowers." With this he rose up and said goodbye to me with a charming smile.

If it had not been for the shame of humiliating myself before so immense an assembly, I might have voluntarily fallen at the feet of this generous Gambler, to thank him for his unheard-of munificence. But, little by little, after I had left him, an incurable defiance entered into me; I dared no longer believe in so prodigious a happiness; and as I went to bed, making over again my nightly prayer by means of all that remained in me in the matter of faith, I repeated in my slumber: "My God, my Lord, my God! Do let the Devil keep his word with me!"

Swank (i)

By T. Dove Keighley

I HELD out for years, but I had to give in. Slang was my abomination. When a man said "bike" I was inclined to hit him; if a woman said it I shuddered and guessed at her age. Now I am older and wiser. It is no use; unless we are content to be hopelessly outdistanced, we offspring of the nineteenth century must adopt the thoughts of its successor. "To be up to date" is my matured intention. Because human nature finds that it is easier to follow the line of least resistance I have made a study of "Swank" and here and now accept the inevitable.

The real reason why swank is delightful is that it is the common possession of our poor humanity. Every boy is a born swanker. In the same way, every girl is a born matron. Swank means putting the goods in the shop-window to the best effect; or, if our goods are purely physical possessions, parading at our best. But the "goods" must be good. Has not that great man, Abraham Lincoln, said: "You may fool some of the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time"? Correct knowledge should be the compensation that age enjoys over the delightful audacity that renders youthful swank so delightful to elders who may still enjoy the advantage of good digestion.

If now the civilian clears his mind of cant he may even enjoy the Army's "swank."

I refer more particularly to the swank of the professional soldier; to him the swank of his regiment is his world's joy. In some charming papers contributed to the *Times* on the subject of "Discipline" the curtain is withdrawn, and one is enabled to see the world as it presents itself to the eyes of the professional soldier. "The regiment" assumes such huge proportions in his outlook on life as to dwarf the existence of the little world outside; and this constitutes the real strength of continued military force under competent direction. The collective "will to win" of each unit would be irresistible were it not that modern science makes personal

heroism of lesser account. This it is that from the point of view of primitive passion renders modern war such a sad story.

But "swank" is not the particular possession of a class. Literature has its swankers. Dear old Dr. Johnson is a past-master at the art.

As King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," so the war is to-day to his up-to-date counterpart—for are we not all Mr. Dicks in 1918? Even in 1914 the German Socialists caught the infection from those past-masters in the art of swank—the Junkers of Prussia—and when the flags of victory were fluttering and the joy-bells were ringing in Berlin, made common cause and co-operated with their enemy. This is one of the subtleties of swank. In the individual, as an expression of individuality, it is frequently charming, and even when ill-fitting to the person may still be convincing to his associates. When, however, it becomes endemic, as the characteristic of a nation, it is a Frankenstein to be destroyed ruthlessly as couch in arable land. Swank, in fact, is like a perfume—a little of it goes a long way; when it becomes a stink it requires the cool breezes of Nature to disperse it.

How dull would be the pages of history without the swankers! They have all been popular. To go no further back than A.D. 1500, Bluff King Hal, Good Queen Bess, the Cavaliers, and "the first gentleman in Europe"—to give only a few examples. I am not sure but that "Wilhelm," if he could have refrained from competition with his son in the only method that he knew, would not have gone down to posterity as a swanker *sans peur et sans reproche*. Germany, prior to August, 1914, in the opinion of most of us, was winning hands down as a nation of swankers, the real opponent of the United States. *Her* multimillionaires must have caused many a sigh to the German plutocracy whose material fruits of prosperity were so heavily pruned by taxation for purposes of war.

The title to fame of King Solomon lay not in his appreciation of the fair sex (although, no doubt, he showed in this connection his proverbial wisdom), but in the temple that he built. That is a superb instance of wisely-directed swank. Of course, Solomon was a materialist, but perhaps that was *because* he was a king.

No! Swank must express itself in terms of construction, not necessarily in temples built with hands; but build it must, and, moreover, the swanker, if cribbed, cabined, and confined

by the conventions of his own country, should, if youthful, "find himself" in another with a wider horizon. The most amusing illustration of swank is, as a rule, to be found in the leader columns of the London daily Press. There the reader is assured that the course of action taken by a Minister has been already "suggested in our columns"; but there are occasions when journalistic swank is a cause of regret. On July 21st, 1917, on the occasion of the celebration of Belgium's Independence Day, a leading London daily (not one of the choice flowers of the Northcliffe bouquet), after a highly eulogistic article upon the sacrifices that Belgium had made for the cause of the Allies, printed at full length in an adjoining column a list of all the cash contributions that had been made by the British Empire on her behalf. So much self-sacrifice on the part of one nation, so much cash on the part of the British Empire. No wonder that we are judged by others as a nation of shopkeepers, when really we can't keep shop for nuts. We are a little better now since the late Sir R. Burbidge showed us the way. Our real failure as a nation is that we keep disorderly minds, hence our disorderly shopkeeping. The old early-Victorian higgledy-piggledy—with the accent on the piggledy—describes the state of chaos in which we lived, moved, and had our being. A frank recognition of the anarchy which is rampant would be a first step to the restitution of order. A swanky illustration occurs to me. On the outbreak of fire upon premises, or the sinking of a ship, being imminent, the preservation of life that to each individual who may be on the scene is the thing most to be desired is uppermost in each individual mind. What happens if the John Bull instinct prevails? I beg pardon, I mean the brute instinct. If that "independent" spirit prevails in which every public school boy has been carefully trained, well, I had rather not be among such a crew at such a moment; on the other hand, if the fire drill of a council school has been their privilege, it is an incident in the life of those who go down to the sea in ships. No striking an attitude here; "simply stand aside for the women and children," to the sound of the swanky orchestra, as the newspapers would have it, if you like, playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

We are all soldiers nowadays, and therefore, of course, our individual courage is beyond dispute. It really was too bad of that cynical Frenchman to write that the Balaclava Charge "was magnificent but not war," when *we* know it was

all part of that "glorious adventure," "the Crimean War." Lord Salisbury, an irrepressible Cecil—as I have heard his son Hughie described—went one better, saying in the House of Lords that we had put our money on the wrong horse. "What *are* you to think?" as Dan Leno used to say. Of course, under similar circumstances, the thing to do is not to think at all. Englishmen will not find that a hard saying. "Yours not to reason why, yours but to do and die," as an early-Victorian poet wrote in this connection.

"Those dear delightful boys," as I remember a scoutmaster, an ex-cavalry subaltern, used to say to me, who made corporal punishment *de rigueur* in his troop a year before the war, and when foolish mothers objected expressed surprise that they could not appreciate public school privileges. He is a charming fellow in every other way, though I doubt if he could have spelled or even understood that mongrel word "malnutrition" as an excuse for lack of appreciation of one of the blessings of a public school. "His not to reason why, his but to do and die." I don't want this endeavour to reduce swank to its true proportions to peter out in a series of interrogations, but can any soldier reader tell me why the swank of the dashing cavalry leader, except he be an Allenby or a Byng, seems to come to grief when he is in supreme command, notwithstanding that, as in Mesopotamia, he may "revel in responsibility"? It is sad that the fine flower of swank should wither and decay. There are exceptions, however. If only Lord Milner in his youth had not, under the guidance of the late William Stead, wandered "through the labyrinths" of journalism; as a *Beau Sabreur*. "Damn the consequences," as a rallying cry, might have rung down the corridors of history and given him a niche in the temple of Fame. Whereas in the mouth of a statesman the words will prove a boomerang. Swank, combined with a sense of humour, should form part of the equipment of every diplomat. How light the touch of Mr. Gerard, for example, the late American Ambassador in Berlin, when, as stated in his "Memoirs," he asks what the Germans would do to him if he shot the savage dogs in the prisoners' camp at Wittenberg? Self-expression is the mother of swank. It has been anathema to a decadent aristocracy that had nothing (since the days of the Regent and the decline of the Haymarket) but its vices to express. Perhaps as a disease they were driven beneath the surface? But with the birth of new ideals in education and votes for women the real superman

should come to his own. The necessity for organised effort during the war has torn to tatters the motley of the mere swanker and discovered the man and woman underneath—and the war also has shown up the difference between the spasmodic impulse of emotion and the determined resolve of resolute service for the sake of humanity.

How the members of the Anti-Socialist Union, sandwiched between the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Westminster, with its princely revenues *before* the war, "*strictly non-party*," too, so not taboo in these years of Dora, must chuckle at the bondage under which the freedom-loving, easy-going Englishman has groaned as he sees German methods of discipline being enforced in this country. "*Verboten*" is as familiar to us in winning the war as it is to our cousins in losing it. Democratic law is in abeyance in time of war, *silent leges inter arma*, despite the protests of our two Shaws;[1]—the fear is lest the evil spirits summoned from the vasty deep may not be exorcised when the war ends, unless the Labour Party come to the rescue with that "splendid audacity" Mr. Lloyd George urges them to adopt. "The Strength of Britain" plus the Premier, it seems, cannot cope with the swank of the Liquor Autocrat. Britain's Anno Domini surely should be written "Authority and Drink," 1918. As an Englishman I should not have dared to write the above, but am emboldened by the fact that the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford has written, in 1916, that "the English people are extremely deficient in the desire for truth as such," and it is rather a swanky thing to be the exception. Perhaps I might leave it at that, but A.D. also stands for Arrested Development, as contrasted with the United States of America. A.D. may account for the stunted growth of European civilisation except in Albania and Montenegro, where the primitive passions still have the healthy play that prevailed in the mining camps that Bret Harte, and latterly Rex Beach, has described for us. That is the rock ahead in Internationalism. Evil communications corrupt good manners, although it is unlikely that we shall avenge injuries, real or imaginary, by shooting at sight for fear of the consequences.

Is it because I admire swank, or am a doubting Thomas, that I suspect that the Cæsar to whom Mrs. Hobhouse makes her heartrending appeal is dead, or perhaps, let us hope only for the time being "gassed," by the Germans, and may survive?

[1] Lord Shaw, judgment in A. Zadig *v.* Halliday, May 1, 1917, and George Bernard Shaw.

It has seemed to me that two common denominators of the race are the cradle and the grave, with a liberal allowance of Eugenics, for the former to improve the creation. What really is the worry is our pardonable swankiness over our little possible possession of three-score years and ten. There really is no harm in the desire of most of us to hurry things up a bit; we can't all be oaks; some of us feel quite complete as mushrooms, and the power to persist is surely only a question of degree. Personally, I recommend a stroll in a country churchyard to those of good digestion as a remedy for discontent; if they must still swank they must come inside the Church; if still discontented go on to Westminster Abbey. As before Waterloo English babies were subdued by threats of "Boney," in Victorian days mothers and nurses used to expect contrition for supposed faults by announcing that "authority," in the person of nurse or mother (with father in the background), was "shocked." Would that I, who have so often heard this shibboleth, had been sufficiently precocious to say, "And what then?" Now in these days, as Professor MacNeill says in his article on "War and Reconstruction," in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for September, 1917, "Let me not be met with senile cries of 'sedition and treason.' Authority has by force too long gibbered in the seats of the mighty. Give reason a chance, and see what happens." Everyone desires to function; let them function at their best, swank for all they are worth, each in his degree—Mr. Bottomley, with Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Lloyd George, the Bishop of London, Mr. Ben Tillett, and Mr. E. D. Morel, and let them all come. If, however, the bold buccaneer in the making is set to do research work, or Mr. George Bernard Shaw is expected to make telephones because he has been told to, we shall continue to make a hideous mess of our future civilisation as we seem to have done in the past *quod erat demonstrandum*. It might give us pause to reflect that the peoples of two of the misgoverned countries in Europe—Russia and Ireland—should be occupied in discussion as to how they should govern themselves in the future when the Allies are engaged in a life and death struggle with the two autocratic Powers of Central Europe who in the name of Kultur claim the right to govern other people.

(To be continued.)

Housing

The Local Government Board Memorandum

By A. Randall Wells

For those to whom the only compensation for the horrors of the last years has been the hope that war, like a colossal plough, would turn up the soured and caked soil and the tangled roots of those weeds that have disfigured society and choked Governments and their departments, and that the strong light of publicity and reason that would wither these roots would simultaneously revitalise the soil, so that the seeds of a nation's aspirations, falling into it and being watered by the hot tears shed for their dead, would generate and sprout with the beginnings of realisation—bursting upwards in up-springing shoots and new growths, clean, young, beautiful, and already cloaked with tiny myriad buds promising future fruit—for those there could be no more depressing experience than to read the Local Government Board's Memorandum on Housing, dated November, 1917.

Its full title is "Memorandum for the use of Local Authorities with respect to the Provision and Arrangement of Houses for the Working Classes." God help any local authority that is so benighted as to find enlightenment here! It would be pitiable, if it dealt with matter that was neither of great urgency nor importance; but professing, as it does, to give authoritative advice upon a subject of immediate, vital, national interest, it arouses, rather than pity, deep indignation.

The memorandum is well printed upon good white paper, and is in a stout lavender-coloured wrapper. It contains seven pages of text and twelve clearly reproduced diagrams. In form it is a good enough piece of work, and obviously, in November of the year 1917, not a cheap one. And it is all sheer waste! There is not a word of advice or a single plan in it that is of the slightest value for the purpose defined.

The Text.

In the text, the recommendations that are acceptable are mere commonplaces, too trite to need repetition. To give a

few examples of these platitudes that are served up as the last words of a great Government's expert department upon scientific housing! :—

"In designing houses for the working classes, the first consideration is that they shall meet the reasonable needs of the class of persons whom it is proposed to accommodate."

"Due regard should be paid to the healthiness of the site and to the convenience of its situation for the prospective tenants."

"A site which can be purchased at a low price may prove expensive to build on."

"Overcrowding of houses on a site should be avoided."

"Bedrooms should be as large and airy as practicable."

"The doors, windows, and fireplaces in the bedrooms should be arranged so as to secure convenient spaces for the bed and furniture. . . ."

". . . windows should be made to open. . . ."

"A store for food and one for fuel should be provided."

"Separate [closet] accommodation should be provided for each house. . . ."

"The approximate cost of each dwelling may be obtained by multiplying the cubic contents by the current cost per foot cube in the locality in which the dwelling is to be erected."

And so on—all more suitable for the lower form of a school than for a modern housing committee.

Of bad advice there are two or three flagrant examples. For instance this :—

"It is best to place the bath on the ground floor."

Does the responsible official really believe this? Does he think that the individuals of a worker's family are so fundamentally different from himself, that they would welcome so absurd an arrangement?

And again :—

"Hot water for the bath and sink can be supplied from a copper in the scullery. . . ."

This means that a separate fire would have to be lighted every time a hot bath was needed; and then the water baled from the copper and carried to the bath. Could one get a servant who would consent to so wearisome a procedure? And yet this is suggested for people who keep no servant, and who have to do all their own work. Does the Local Government Board sincerely think that this is the way to get a hot bath?

Upon the subject of sanitary accommodation the memorandum reaches the bedrock of its inadequacy. Apart from the dictum already quoted that there should be one closet to each house, the Board's suggestions are tentative—perhaps an earth closet remote from the house, or perhaps a water closet near or part of the house, and "access should be *under cover if possible*." The italics are mine.

The inference, however, is sharp and clear. The Local

Government Board in no circumstances advises local authorities to place an ordinary w.c. in a "working-class house" in a position in which its use will harmonise with the dignity and convenience of a civilised human being.

The memorandum offers no reason for this savagery. With regard to the bath, it did, in defence of the abnormal position suggested, say that a bathroom on the bedroom floor "is more expensive." Can one imagine a Board of Agriculture brochure advising that farm buildings should be planned in a way that would cause horses, cows, or pigs perpetual irritation, because it would be cheaper to build them so?

The Plans.

There are twelve plans, and it is the Board's desire that they shall be used as models for models—". . . it would be well to bear in mind that houses erected by a local authority ought, generally, to be such as will be a model or standard for working-class dwellings which may be erected by private persons." Any local authority that does bear this in mind will not use one of the Board's plans.

Closet Accommodation.

Following the text, in no case is a w.c. shown upon the bedroom floor level. To understand what this really means one must consider it from a personal point of view. We are apt to take a handy w.c., or servants prepared to empty any form of slops, too much for granted. Visualise life in one of these *model cottages* with an invalid wife or mother, or a sick child, or when one was suffering oneself from diarrhœa or biliousness, with, perhaps, only an earth closet remote from the house, or, at best, a w.c. that could be reached under cover, and no servant, no nurse! And this not for an experiment, but for life.

Apart from the initial mistake of having no w.c. upon the bedroom floor, the w.c.'s in plans Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 6 are badly placed, near and exactly facing the back doors or scullery windows.

Slops.

In every plan with the exception of No. 4 all the bedroom slops of health, and of sickness, have to be carried through the living room. That is, through the room in which all the food has to be prepared and eaten. Even if there is not a bedridden relative, and the family keeps free from sickness,

there will be, in many families, a birth every year or so, with the mother from ten days to a month in bed, to say nothing of possible early days of sickness following upon conception.

Larders.

In no cases are the food stores shown adequate. In plans Nos. 3, 4, 6, and 11 they are badly placed under the stairs. No. 4 suffers additionally by having its window ventilating into the same covered passage as that into which the w.c. door opens.

Baths.

In accordance with the text no plan shows a bath in the proper place upon the bedroom floor.

In plans Nos. 1, 5, 8 and 10 there are bathrooms leading from the sculleries. Six-feet baths are indicated. It is obvious that the fuel needed, so unscientifically applied, to heat enough water for one of these baths, apart from the energy required to carry such a quantity from the living room through the scullery, or to bale it from the copper—placed outside, in several cases—would preclude their use. Recourse would be had to a flat bath or zinc tub taking the amount of water that could be heated easily over the fire; and the local district visitors would be able to ferret out another scandalous instance of the poor who won't use a bath when it is given them, but keep the potatoes—or whatever it may be—in it.

In plans Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11 and 12 the bath is placed in the scullery. The same remarks apply as to the bathroom leading from the scullery, with this addition, that with the hardest work no scullery can be kept clean and sweet enough to be suitable for a bathroom. The President of the Local Government Board would not be giving more than a proper recognition to the importance of the bath question in all housing reform if he visited his own scullery and those of his friends, and after testing them by smell, sight, and touch, considered whether he found them to be apartments in which he would care to take a bath.

Cupboards for Brooms, Brushes, Dustpans, Buckets, Etc., Etc.

In plans Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 no cupboards are shown in which to keep the usual domestic utensils.

Spaces for Perambulators and Bicycles.

In no plan is any accommodation shown for either a perambulator or a bicycle. Both of these, and often more than one bicycle, form a part of the necessary possessions of the majority of families who would rent houses of this size.

Is the Board content that the bicycles should be inanimate causes of wrath in the sculleries, and the perambulators a continual sore to good-housewifely eyes in the living rooms?

Architecture.

Of building as an art the Board has no conception. That it should play a very big part in the housing question is quite outside the scope of their imagination. That horizontal shape should have any particular relation to vertical shape, or that the interior and the exterior of a building should form parts of a preconceived whole, is entirely beyond their ken.

Having given a dozen very definite plans to scale, the memorandum ends with this delicious three-lined essay upon the architecture (?). The Board "think that the general designs and elevations may best be left to be decided by local custom or wishes. In this way it is hoped that there may be full scope for variety and pleasing effect and that the dullness of uniformity may be avoided." This is surely worthy of mid-Victorian days!

What should have been said in the Memorandum.

The Local Government Board Memorandum should have said that the housing scheme of no local authority would be approved that did not contain the following minima:—

1. That where there was no existing drainage system one must be established for the proposed buildings, in which all the valuable parts of the sewage would be saved and disposed of for fertilisation.

2. That a bathroom, fitted with a bath and a lavatory basin, supplied with hot and cold water, and a separate w.c., must be provided upon the bedroom floor level; that there should be a hot-water supply to the sink, and that the water for the system should be heated from a boiler at the back of the living-room stove, and, alternatively, from a fire or a gas heater in the scullery.

3. That there should be a supply of electric current for light; and that, if this is impossible at the time, tubes with

draw-wires should be put in in readiness for the time when the supply would be forthcoming.

4. That there should be a supply of gas or electric current for cooking and heating.

5. That each house must have its own garden, and that there must be a provision of common playgrounds, lawns, and playing fields.

6. That every house should have at least one shapely room—a shapely living-room. That it would not be sufficient to provide so many feet of floor area, and so many feet of glass, but these would have to be arranged by an artist.

It should further have directed the local authorities, that where there was no gas or electric current available, to report upon the possibilities and to submit schemes for obtaining these necessary adjuncts to modern life.

It should have recommended that consideration should be given to the question of fitting a lavatory basin, with hot and cold water, in the parents' bedroom. It should have suggested that only sanitary fittings finished in permanent porcelain enamel should be used, and that it would be well, especially in mining districts, to make bathroom floors water-tight, to sink them three inches below the general floor level, and to provide them with a waste-pipe to carry off superfluous water.

It should also have advised the local authorities that, having filled in their requirements upon the minima skeleton, they should employ architects to work out their schemes who are accustomed to work for the most leisured and cultivated class. It is essential that they should be prepared by men with a habit of designing not only for convenience, but for æsthetic comfort.

It is no argument against this advice to point out that snobbishness among working people often overrides all sense of fitness and beauty—it does with few exceptions in every set. Apart from this, they are particularly responsive to form and colour.

A World Declaration of Rights

By Austin Harrison

In the historic proclamation of President Wilson (September 27th) these words stand out: "It is the peculiarity of this great war that, while statesmen have seemed to cast about for *definitions of their purpose* and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and their point of view, the thought of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more *unclouded*, more and more certain of what it is they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The counsels of plain men have become on all hands more simple and straightforward and more unified than the counsels of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high stakes. That is why I have said that this is a people's war, not a statesman's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken." This utterance, which is nothing less than a judgment, indicates the moving spirit of the new international principle, which not only now will end the war, but will seek nationally and internationally to provide securities for civilisation against war. Here, of course, is a new thing in history. It is the finest expression of democracy, by which we understand opportunity or progress. It means that the great war is to end as no previous war ever has ended—on the novel issue of morality.

For this great end America came into the war, and this is the meaning of the League of Nations. Morality may be described as the law of human relations—*Primum vivere*, or, as it is known in the New World, opportunity. To quote Mr. Wilson again: "First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favourites and knows no standards but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned."

No victor has ever spoken like this before, for it is the voice of construction, not of destruction. It is the truth of

deliverance: from the fetters of feudalism; from the old European order of power and the balance of power; from the old-time peace of imposition and expropriation; from the militarism of the map. The appeal is to the common sanction of mankind. We are invited as victors to the Peace Conference not to impose the penal will of the conqueror, but to collaborate in a common scheme of reconstruction working with and for the whole. As the Belgian, Henri Lambert, who seems destined to take the place of Jaurès as the intellectual leader of European social economics, has said: "Men *must* co-operate economically and morally, or they must fight. That is to say, they must *increase* their economic and moral co-operation, and all together, through exchange of service or mutual help, *advance* in physical, moral, and spiritual welfare, and thus accelerate their contribution to the universal final accomplishment. Men, therefore, must co-operate—that is, progress—or fight."

Clearly in this spirit the American President summons the world to build. Implicitly and explicitly his principle implies the negation of the German doctrine of force, for in such foundations the "healthy selfishness" of Bismarck and the egocentric philosophy of monarchical militarism have and can have no place. It strikes at the roots of feudalism and territorial values; of the imperialism of force associations; of the old order of dynasties and the Nation-State as written by the historians.

Hitherto international morality has been but the dream of a few ideologues; it has not formed part of man's culture, whether from the minds of churchmen, jurists, professors, writers, or politicians, or even of so-called pacifists; from women no such thought has ever emanated. This failure on the part of the cultured and creative people in Europe we can see to-day in the light of the new wisdom that is dawning, to emerge as perhaps the strangest phenomenon of our time and civilisation. Yet the reason is not far to seek. Napoleonism ended on a power value, its reaction was the "blood and iron" statesmanship of Bismarck. Between Waterloo and the year 1914 no new attitude towards war had come into Europe, because men refused to face the truth that law, unless founded on morality—the fatefulness of which (to quote H. Lambert again) in human conduct and affairs is inexorable—is merely an expression of force, and as such may be broken by force, *more* the "scrap of paper," unless it be the harmony of natural relations moving as the expres-

sion and sanction of the age. For the last fifty years Europe has known no ethic of international relations. Only force values have dominated. And so, at the crash, the covenants of international law were found to be the reeds of an artificial civilisation, as is bound to be the case with all enforced or organised "morality" that does not spring from the spirituality of mankind.

This kind of morality or legal artificiality is to go. We are offered a new era and a new orientation. But to bring this about, obviously the conditions which cause war must first be removed. In a word, the claim of power sovereignty is to give way to an ethic or governing principle of human relationship. In the place of diplomacy acting in secrecy for purely selfish or national motives, Europe is bidden to the forum of publicity, bidden to regard the opportunity of the whole, bidden to the law of a commonwealth.

As Mr. Wilson has said, this morality can only come into being at a Peace Conference which accepts as the settled law of civilisation the principles which are to govern the constitution of a League of Nations. It is not a question of the map, *pace* Mr. Balfour, who in his speech of September 30th appeared still to be thinking in power or territorial values. The problem in all the essentials is cosmic and in that vital sense democratic. We are not asked as soldier-statesmen to meet in spurs and feathers merely to pass sentence of death upon German militarism—that is, the precondition of assembly. Our task is infinitely wider than that of diplomatic protocol and incomparably more difficult. Our business will be *construction*. To establish a World Declaration of Rights, applicable to all subject peoples; to rebuild Europe on a basis of racial and economic freedom; to give to the parts the values and opportunities of the whole.

So profound a revolution, more pregnant with hope than any movement since the preachings of Christ, can never spring from a pistol; it cannot, that is, be founded on force. Nor is it a question of juridical form and formula. Its sanction must be inborn, induced—the evolution of harmony. Peace can never be established on a durable basis through the organisation of international councils of control; by police machinery; still less by penal or constrictive impositions. That is the old—the Napoleonic, the German—way. The new way can only hope for success as some accepted pattern of justice, the definition of which may roughly be described as opportunity. And that is root. If militarism

is to be removed from the ambitions of men as well as of kings, its polarity—sacrifice—must be the life principle. All must go to the table of peace ready to give and to give up; to found a charter of international rights based, not on force, but on the sanction of free peoples.

If Mr. Wilson's ideal of a "reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind" is to be the issue of these terrible years of war, it is obvious that the first need is publicity. A Peace Conference of diplomatists, of tired and neurasthenic statesmen, half-blinded by hatred and conquistadorial dreams of vengeance and retribution, is unthinkable. Such men have neither the calibre of mind nor the intellectual freedom to meet in hopeful constructiveness.

Another Hague Congress, the wretched intrigue, secretiveness, humbug, and futility of which I witnessed on the spot, will not be tolerated by the peoples. Constructive work would be found to be impossible in the ordinary diplomatic conditions. Armageddon cannot end in that kind of a farce. Still less can it end in the saturnalia of dinners, tea-parties, balls, intrigues, conspiracies, uniforms and regalia common to the Peace Congresses of the past.

The thing must be done in full publicity. It can only be attempted on rigid lines of principle. *All censorship must be removed in all the countries concerned.* The voice of the peoples must make itself felt, directing the voice of the conference. For only so can there be any "demonstration" of the new thought essential to release, or any manifestation of sacrifice. Yet this would seem as yet imperfectly understood, to judge by the map-thinking of the Press. Many of these gentlemen are not yet on the gangway of Mr. Wilson's boat. They apparently have yet to learn the morality of the world's crusade, to understand that the Peace Conference of 1918 will not be a conqueror's assizes of war, but a democratic areopagus of peace. It is the world's difficulty; it will be Mr. Wilson's opportunity. Only he, speaking with the unrivalled authority of the supreme controller, can modernise a European conference of war and hold the balance. And, again, only principle will avail. If the Conference is not to deteriorate into the usual diplomatic struggle of intrigue and interest, the direction must deal only in principle. Day by day the world must know exactly what is happening at the Congress. The soldier, as soldier, should have no place. This is indeed vital if we are to think in terms of opportunity

or morality instead of strategically, and especially should this condition apply to the enemy representation.

And as we shall not be treating with men of war, so there will be no room for the sentimentalist. All deflections of extremists—and they are likely to be many—can only weaken the common purpose, and they must be resisted. Of enormous importance in this respect will be the attitude of the Press. Its responsibility will be the test of democratic sincerity.

And this must be faced by Governments and people, or there will be no League of Nations peace, but only a settlement of interest based on force values, which will amount to little more than a transvaluation of power. Yet this, too, cannot be, in the absence of a reconstituted militarist Russia, which, again, for a decade at least, can be discounted. The problem, therefore, is doubly complex, even as one of balance. So much is obvious. We must make up our minds. Either Mr. Wilson's message implies that the world makes a joint intelligent attempt to win to a new attitude towards war and the causes of war, or the League of Nations is a phrase. If the former, then sincerity is the paramount condition of our purpose; if the latter, then Europe will remain militarist.

The question which men will have to ask themselves is twofold: not only—Is it worth while trying to put an end to the militarist State? but What is the alternative? Conscience and, I fancy, youth will surely answer the first question; the imagination literally reels at the prospects of a non-solution. Yet this is the real difficulty, and it is here that the logical mind recoils. The thing seems utopian, for the compelling restraint is *fear*. Nations and Empires fear one another, and this is the determinant. It is this motive which prompts men to demand a punitive peace, or what are called guarantees. It is fear which led to the group armament system, fear on the part of Germany which induced her to challenge Europe.

Now a true League of Nations cannot be founded on the fear of a dominant group, because life is not stationary, and nations change, rise and fall, like men, from within just as much as from without. When we talk of security, therefore, we must think honestly or we shall find ourselves once more moving along the avenues of fear, building, not co-operatively—that is, progressively—but interestedly, or backwardly. The starting-point of endeavour must, of course, be the elimination of the philosophy of force, or the return of Germany to reason. But that attainment is now assured. We

can count upon that at least as the foundation of our European task. The problem then will depend far more upon *trust* than upon any human contrivance of *security*, as we in this country should have no difficulty in grasping at the contemplation of the Boer countries under Kruger and during the war under General Botha.

Europe's difficulty will be—her age, her cynicism, and were Europe left to herself to fashion a new world, I would entertain no hope. The chemistry of martialism, out of which Europe has grown to her present shape, cannot be expected to change through the emotionalism of mere consequence; in Europe man has fought and bled too long. Our histories reek with the deeds of war, they contain practically no other record. No statesman in Europe has ever ventured to denounce the "Christianity" of fear which has ruled nations and Empires, churches and peoples, and at this hour, with the exception of a few sectarian outcries of negativism, no such voice is heard. Alone, Europe in the article of her feudal death could hardly dare to mould herself upon an ethic, but to-day the responsibility of Europe has become cosmic, and it lies in the keeping of the New World.

That is the great new fact which will condition the issue of the war. When Europe accepted American aid, when we commemorated the Fourth of July, she capitulated to the spirit of opportunity, to the spirituality of young America. To many this assertion may seem absurd, yet those who have read Mr. Wilson's pronouncements must admit that they do not reflect the spirit of European politicians and that no statesman in Europe has ever spoken in so lofty a tone. I have heard men describe this intention as "bluff." Nothing of the kind. The Wilson policy has been known for two years. America contains within her a spirituality not to be found in cynical, war-worn Europe. It may be seen in the primitive home life there; it is reflected in the young enthusiasm of her resolve; its incarnation reposes in the impartial outlook of the President. *Morally and militarily, Europe has failed.* If America has redressed the balance, it is most certainly not to reconsolidate the old order of power values, as the mere ally of war, but to assist in the foundation of a new order—"the reign of law sustained by the organised opinion of mankind."

These are not the words of legal sophistry or unctuous rectitude, as Europe knows them. They constitute America's message and the American war purpose. With the rugged

ardour of America's great poet, Mr. Wilson addresses "that vast Rondure" through the soaking battle-ground of Europe, and in his intention we may descry the coming of that poet of construction sung by Walt Whitman, "whose thought begins to span" the universe.

That or nothing. Either an attempt to restart Europe on some accepted law or morality of co-operative utility instead of competitive force with the object of removing the causes of war, or we shall achieve nothing permanent, little indeed that is constructively hopeful for the future. And in that case Europe will have failed, and the armed State will continue jealous and full of fear, and there will be no hope but in revolution. I cannot take this materialist view, and my reasons are entirely materialistic. Not religion, or sentiment, or love, or exhaustion will bring about a new attitude, but the simple condition of European control which has passed absolutely to America. From this consequence of the great war Europe has no escape. As America has brought us victory, so she furnishes the new morality. Thus truly the war against Germany has become a crusade, not only of just wrath, but of redemption. The idea of a League of Nations means that or nothing.

Co-operation instead of the patriotism of competition. Such is the opportunity that America offers. An ethic. Law which has the authority of collective morality as a substitute for a Europe of jealousy, toying with the artificiality of formula.

To attain to this altitude of conception Europe is asked to "roll up the map." Yet in no academic spirit. The dreams and sophistries lie in the sentimentality of war, not in the materialism of our capacity. It is the vanity of kings and politicians which has stabilised the virtue of battle, and the heroics of poets. Capitalism is only its handmaid, as we can test by the fallacious doctrine that "commerce follows the flag." It need not. But we are not asked to lower our flags or symbols; all that is required is that Europe should salute a higher flag—the common flag of law: law as the expression of the morality of the age. And that, as it is a question of collective utility, is a test of individual sincerity, the measure of which is sacrifice. This, then, is the corner-stone of the League of Nations.

How are we to obtain the necessary spirit, this new sense of sacrifice? I cannot believe that this revolution in human relationship can emanate from a Peace Conference; certainly

it can only be formulated in a World Declaration of Rights, imposed upon the enemy, ordained, as it were, by the joint wisdom of mankind.

No mere reconstitution of the map of Europe can settle the complex problems of race, nationality, interest, religion, and wrong, which are the latent causes of the war; nor will the principle of "self-determination" carry us much beyond political geography. If the object is the stabilisation of international order, the map will be useful, but it will not be conditional, because the *genius of man is idea.* It is the old idea that has made Europe the cockpit of history, only the new idea—morality—can deflect man's fighting energies. That this idea, again, must contain the world's substance of justice is obvious, both in its ratification and application. Clearly it will be tremendously difficult. It will appear all the more difficult because idea necessitates the friction of idea, and the greater the friction the clearer the idea is likely to be. And this friction, this purging spark, cannot proceed from secrecy. We are faced thus with the supreme need of our equipment —*publicity.*

As the *Times* rightly wrote the other day, machinery must be started to think out these problems. If, in Mr. Wilson's words, "statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken," it is plain that special minds must be utilised. I can only repeat what we have urged again and again, that *National Conferences should be convened, charged to offer their concerted advice upon the problems of the subject peoples; that these Conferences should consider concurrently a common agenda; that the proceedings of all these Conferences should be made public, and that they should be in daily telegraphic communication with one another.* Something of the kind has been done in France, but here we have heard of no such assembly of intellect. A Declaration of Rights can hardly issue from a bureaucracy; it must come from the clash of the best minds of democracy, *thinking aloud.*

Every man has the right to know all about the principles and problems to be discussed and to contribute towards their solution, otherwise we shall not get a people's judgment; we shall only have the verdict of interested lawyers and politicians. That is why the Peace Conference cannot be the prerogative merely of War Cabinets sitting between closed doors. The democratic world demands justice. It means to impose its publicly formulated will upon feudal Europe as the moral law of the future. It does not intend to put up with a

settlement decreed in secrecy by those who by the accident of war are to-day its self-constituted masters. A new Europe can only be cast by new men, by the robust sanity of democracy working in unison with the other democracies of Europe as a whole and for a common end. And there will be no League of Nations without this democratic consultation.

To sum up. The Peace Conference convened to establish a League of Nations can in no sense be a diplomatic concert; it must be the forum of democracy whose business it will be primarily and essentially to found a charter of liberties based upon the organised consent of the governed, nationally and internationally. Its ruling spirit must be sacrifice, its collective function justice. For this great end publicity is the indispensable condition, and the world must be invited to think aloud.

As its purpose will be constructive, and, so far as the enemy countries are concerned, virtually dictatorial, all problems must be viewed in the light of the whole and always from the point of the future security of the world, the object not being to crush a foe, but to compel him to accept an order of grace in the interest of that whole. In this work the soldier is not necessary, because the thought will not be strategic, but social or international. If there is to be sincerity we must have sincere men, and they must derive that sincerity through publicity.

Even as Europe listens she wonders. America, with a population of one hundred millions, has a capacity for four hundred millions; she is in the happy possession of every conceivable national resource necessary for complete self-dependence and development, except, perhaps, china clay; yet she has herself shown no sign of that spirit of sacrifice formulated in the President's announcements, and if she is to reform the world she also must carry the cross. America has hitherto led in the competitive economic war, she has to testify to her sincerity in the (new) co-operative economic system. In judging of Empire, she will have to convince Europe that her own morality is not founded on colour or on any impersonal justice that in her case is reserved as personal. And this will be the gauge of Mr. Wilson's potentiality. The problems of Empire are those of life—population—and here no pedagogy will avail; that is, they are fundamental. If responsibility, therefore, is to be universal, it is America, who with everything in her possession, must bow to the God of her own projected new order—sacrifice.

Yet a mere conference will not be sufficient except to define the conditions of actual peace and the general principles upon which Europe will be invited to collaborate. Whole work can only be done by representative National Conferences working on a common agenda in close touch one with the other and in full publicity before the world. These conferences would be consultative and advisory to the international senate, which probably would have to remain a directorship of four or five of the Great Powers.

In this way, and so far as I can see in this way only, can mankind hope for any real solution of the age-long "right" of war, and of the causes that hitherto have made war in the eyes of peoples just and honourable. By no other way short of police decree, which humanly cannot aspire to be durable, can the historic wrongs of Europe be adjusted and righted, or any settlement be reached of law based upon morality. Perhaps the hardest problem of all will be found to be that of Empire and of the rights of Empire under any law of consent of the governed, for this will be the supreme test of attitude and of constructive statesmanship.

For the problems are not only international, they are also national, and the danger to the constitution of the new fabric of law will be found to lie in their application. That is why the collective wisdom emanating from these National Conferences would seem the indispensable condition of the success of any permanent international law.

Now the antecedent condition to such a law of Nations must be a Declaration of Rights.

Foch's Ultimate Blow

By Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens

LUDENDORFF "is withdrawing his lines according to pre-arranged plans"—of Foch. The sphynx-like attitude of the Generalissimo, which ought to be that of every Commander-in-Chief, leaves the enemy's Greater General Staff confronted with such a puzzle as the brain of the German war machine has never in the history of that institution been called upon to solve. For the first time during its evolution, accomplished in sixty years, through the tireless labours of chosen officers, whose intellectual activity was constantly nourished by the teaching of von Moltke, has its war doctrine been proved hopelessly wrong, and incapable when opposed to that of a supreme brain which has drawn its inspiration from the very source of the Napoleonic art of war.* Years ago, in an examination in this REVIEW of the German and French schools of military thought, I said, "the doctrine of the Grosser General Stab was not proof against criticism," and that of the direction of the Prussian Army of 1866, and that of the combined German armies in 1870-71 demonstrated its superiority in many respects; it also revealed that its doctrine was based on a vicious theory which would in due time be shattered by a French soldier who had correctly assimilated the lessons of those great masters of the art of war to whom his country had given birth. The Berlin General Staff have since 1908 secretly regarded Foch as a man who some day would give them trouble, while openly proclaiming that his theories, as

* Pierre Bourcet, the greatest Staff Officer of the Royal French Army of the eighteenth century, wrote for his pupils, when Director of the Staff College, a treatise which was not published, but circulated privately among Staff students and other officers who could be trusted. One hundred and three years later this same work was printed, but not published, by the French Ministry of War, when that great humbug, General Boulanger, was at the Boulevard St. Germain. The treatise contains the whole art of generalship as understood by Napoleon, and it is the more interesting because the principles are illustrated by a series of examples of actions, in almost every one of which Bourcet himself had planned the operations. They are also further illustrated by an imaginary campaign conducted from the Maritime Alps, of which Bourcet knew every inch, and were to be the scene of Napoleon's first essay in planning a campaign, and in which he exhibited the new generalship of which he alone had the secret. The effect of the French Revolution upon the Army was to throw everything into confusion, so that the new science and art of war contained in the teaching of Bourcet was delayed, and only reappeared after seven years of oblivion with the advent of Napoleon.

revealed by his lectures to the Superior School of War, were unsound; and the conclusion of his German secret dossier was, "He will never be entrusted with a high command owing to his clerical associations."

After the first battle of the Marne the Berlin military "big-wigs" took comfort in the belief that strategic ability would be neutralised by the incapacity of Foch's colleagues. That consolation has been swept aside, as, in his capacity as a single Commander-in-Chief entrusted with despotic power, he has been enabled to render the chiefs of the many and diverse military elements responsible to him practically "fool-proof," to use an exceedingly expressive American importation. Altogether the position, as I have hinted, is, for the enemy's General Staff, an exceedingly puzzling one. They still hold the advantage of a central position, and thus of being able to work on the system elaborated by Jomini under the name of interior lines. They are still in possession of a wonderful network of railways—those arteries of the battlefield. A glance at the map shows that behind the line Ostend—Lille—Busigny—Mézières there is a very closely-woven web of steel tracks, all of which is still at Germany's disposal.

Germany and France are facing each other from Luxemburg to the well-watched Swiss frontier, and from Verdun south the French armies are almost within long-range gunfire of German territory, and in Alsace actually hold a slice of it retaken from the Boche at the very commencement of this interminable struggle. The frontier consists of three distinct parts—first, in the extreme north, the heights of the Meuse, a range of wooded hills, to the east of the river, which rise over against the flat plain of the Woevre.

Verdun, the unconquerable city of all time, marks the northern limit of this range, which runs south to the plateaux in front of the frontier barriers of Toul and Nancy. Further south of the marshes is the Lorraine border of some forty miles with its terrain hilly, affording at least half-a-dozen passages, which a century ago were regarded as troublesome to negotiate, but which now our engineers merely laugh at. "Nothing is sacred to the sapper." Now under the influence of his trade, which every day discovers a better way of doing things, we have changed our opinions as to the meaning of what staff maps label "natural obstacles."

Finally, to the south, following the Vosges mountains, still considered an insuperable barrier, "Virgin Belfort," France

governs the threshold to Upper Lorraine. An army deployed on Lorraine would possess quite unique advantages. Both its flanks would be safe, being covered by Verdun on the left and by Belfort on the right. An advance in mass south of Metz would flank Germany's greatest western base and compel not only its evacuation, but also result in the loss of the railway lines which feed the Crown Prince's army. Then, in possession of the valley where so much desperate fighting took place in August, 1870, the invading army would have the alternative open to it of either, for political reasons, crossing the Rhine, or, for material ones, moving westward, after the example of the Germans in 1870, and proceed to recover the iron mines of Briey and to threaten the great industrial region which is the economic heart of the Empire.

A massed advance by Foch through Southern Lorraine would spell the automatic abandonment of the deserts into which the Hun, with his perverse ideas of landscape improvements, has with immense assiduity converted Picardy and Belgium.

The Boche would not dare to remain on the land he is desolating as I write, for his life lines with the Fatherland would be in danger (to be in God's good time "improved" back into the primitive naked simplicity of the lands where lurked a thousand or so years ago the tribes of Teutonic barbarians).

Many reasons tend to suggest that when the Marshal carries the war into Germany his line of advance will be through that gate which is only held ajar by the southern forts of the Metz perimeter. On the declaration of war the first operation of General Joffre was to move across the frontier of the lost province a couple of army corps under that much afflicted General, one-armed Pau.

This offensive, of course, failed, as it at once lost its *raison d'être* owing to the attack made on France's unprotected frontier by von Gluck's host after passing through a neutral State. But an advance into Southern Lorraine has been a feature of the French plan of campaign ever since the French General Staff began in 1875 to study the means of redressing the *débâcle*. With the north-west protected, as it will be in a few days, by Maubeuge (I am writing on October 13th) to the south of the Argonne, Foch is likely to revert to the original plan which he and General Bonal had so much to do with the perfecting of in the late 'nineties.

Another plan, and a very good one at that, exists in an

invasion from this sector, impinging on that vast American base of which we hear so little in print, quite near Toul, to which a brand-new double-tracked railway built by the U.S.A. engineers runs straight as a die from the port (also brand-new) of American debarkation. The selection of inland and distant Toul on the enemy's frontier, and the degree of Yankee hustle that during the last spring and summer has been expended in rushing that strategic railway means only one thing.

Still another circumstance that supports—well, we will say my surmise—is that on this line of our advance the fighting would be on the other fellow's property. Foch would cease carrying on the devastation of this awful struggle on *la terre*, destroying our historic cities and towns, making the countryside of fair France a shell-pitted waste. Also, unfortunate Belgium would be saved from further horrors resultant on the twentieth-century irruption of the tribes of Teutonic barbarism. By this one movement the relief of Belgium would be achieved—a relief that might otherwise require a succession of offensives to accomplish.

The enemy appreciate the grim significance for them of the great American depôt of Toul. Perhaps this explains why they attempted to deepen their already overdeep salient thrust out in the Crown Prince's spectacular advance last April. Strategically, they are moving back, and we must admit with masterly skill, upon their last line of resistance on occupied territory, which is the last line of "natural" defence provided for by the General Staff. That line is the Meuse, the head-waters of the Scheldt stretching to the confluence of the rivers Sambre and Meuse pivoting on Maubeuge, the left flank supported by the strongholds Namur and Liège. This will undeniably be a strong line. In the meanwhile, we may anticipate the great southern advance through Lorraine.

He may, however, force another concentration of reserves against us, a concentration on the soil of the Fatherland, as old Moltke, in one of his tactical lectures before the Army Staff, foretold would be "a hard nut for an enemy to crack," and oblige Marshal Foch to deliver another blow against the last, the ultimate Hindenburg Line, of the existence of which I have, for two years past, preached in the columns of this REVIEW, and which, in turn, would require another readjustment of the fast dwindling German military man-power. In view of a decision, this process might be hoped to develop

the inevitable weak spot in the line through which we Britishers might go, and begin the process of dividing and enfolding the German defensive, just as Ludendorff essayed to carry out in last March, when he struck with a massed attack at the critical point of junction between Haig's and Pétain's armies.

But, as against this theory, the fact remains that Haig will, after early November, find his great army confronted by a *glacis* of oozy, nigh to impenetrable mud, while operations in Lorraine are often quite feasible, after the early winter rain has turned the northern flank of the Western front into a veritable quagmire. Therefore it seems that Marshal Foch will persist in his original intention—that of forcing the pace towards Metz. At least I have very good ground for thinking so, when I may state in doing so I am fortified by the inspired opinion of one of the superior officers of the Marshal's remarkably limited personal staff: "While they have spoken with bitter irony when not with haughty condescension of our British, and even French commanders, the German Press use nothing but exceedingly grave, respectful terms when their military experts write of Foch. 'Here is one worthy of measuring his brains with Moltke.' Such was the appreciation given to him in a recent issue of the *Gazette de Cologne*." This is the man accurately portrayed in homage paid to him by the Germans. These same Germans full well understand what is the meaning of the obstacles, natural and artificial, on the long, hard road to Metz. Its strength in the ultimate test will not depend on its perimeter of the greatest forts in Europe, but, like the Belgian Liège, in a much greater sense, upon the number of men that the German Army can spare to man them. Even from his present position the American Commander-in-Chief can at once begin the systematic reduction of the ring of the outer forts protecting Metz. To save the city, if the Americans concentrate attacks upon it, the Rhine army must dispose of a large field army in front of it on the old battlefields of 1870. How large a force this may be is indicated by the size of Pershing's main army, which is now a million and a half of all arms of the service. Germany may be able to use a similar number in the thorough but costly defence of this great place of arms, but only by dangerously deserting the last line of the Hindenburg defence. From which it may be gathered that the second fall of Metz in half a century is a foregone conclusion.

Conditions are—Principles of Surrender

By the Editor

With the acceptance of Mr. Wilson's fourteen points, militarist Germany admits defeat, and the admission has excited a good deal of speculative confusion concerning peace. The President's first answer to the German request for an armistice led to the idea that peace would shortly be arranged, but his second answer was far more drastic. He referred the question of a cessation of hostilities to his Allied military advisers, and, in substance, the Note has been generally interpreted as implying unconditional surrender.

That these *pourparlers* have brought peace nearer is undeniable. Germany has now surrendered politically because militarily she no longer has an objective. She knows that she has lost the war. She has nothing left to fight for. The question, therefore, is reduced to a matter of *amour propre*. It is for her and for us: How are the Allies to allow the war to end?

Upon this point—whether it be regarded as the technicality of armistice or a purely force problem—peace depends. We stand near or far from peace according to that decision. There are only two ways of looking at the question; moreover, it is for us to decide. We can either demand a complete military surrender, as a result of *débâcle* at the front or behind the front, or a complete political surrender, in which case we shall be free to impose what military conditions we please so far as concerns guarantees in the form of military occupation of German fortifications, the surrender of guns, munitions, or the German Navy. Either in time are achievable. Before Christmas undoubtedly the issue will be settled one way or the other.

That is to say, we either within the next month force the German armies to lay down their arms, or we cease all parleys

in preparation for the great American attacks next spring. If the end comes through military operations, obviously there will be no need to discuss terms; but if the end comes politically, that problem must be decided shortly, not only because the now modernised German Government have accepted Mr. Wilson's conditions, but because indecision on our part might lead to an utterly evil confusion both of method and of the objective.

The idea seems to be held that the Germans will cry "hands up" and capitulate. I do not believe this. They may eventually be forced to, but scarcely while still fighting on alien soil. In my opinion, the democratised German Government will not, unless compelled to, accept military conditions of humiliation, if such be our intention. And that is the world's problem. If our aim is to make the Germans walk under the Caudine Forks, then I think they will fight on to the death whether under a democratic or Socialist Government, in which case there would seem no likelihood of peace before next summer. The real question is: What do we want?

This is what we have to decide. I consider that we ought not, at this tremendous hour in history, to hesitate. Absolute unity of aim and method is essential. And our decision should be proclaimed before the world as a judgment. The lives of tens of thousands of Britons depend upon this penultimate step. The length of the war depends upon it. In a moral and democratic sense, the issue of the war will depend upon it. What are terms of humiliation? They are, roughly, the conditions of *Vae Victis*. I do not include in such terms the removal of the Emperor, because the Kaiser is the incarnation of the Prussian war spirit which the world has determined to destroy. By humiliation I mean the Roman triumph, the crushing of a people's soul. If that is our object, then the war will go on—to the Rhine, and over the Rhine, quite possibly as a secondary or guerrilla war deep into the interior of Germany.

In deciding this question we ought not to be governed by any fear of the alternative; which quite conceivably may be Bolshevism in Germany, disastrous as such a climax without all doubt would be not only to Europe, but to the world

generally, and ultimately to the capitalistic system. That should not be our deterrent or conditional thought. The sole idea which should govern this decision rests upon our objective: whether it is constructive or destructive. And here we are faced by the League of Nations, which means co-operation or nothing. We either, therefore, end the war constructively—that is, we do not unnecessarily humiliate the new-born German democracy as it actually exists, in which case a new European order based on national freedom and co-operation is a possibility—or we stamp on the soul of the new German democracy, in which case no League of Nations can be born, but at best a group of nations in a league holding their authority by force.

That is, with the aid of America; for the old European balance of power has gone. Now if the war is a people's war, it must have a people's peace. It is the united force of the world which has brought the Germans to their knees, and statedly for a world-morality. The responsibility is thus cosmic. Conditions cannot be any one nation's specific interest or prerogative. It *dare not repose on hatred or revenge*, because in the end the spirit of *democracy will prevail* and that *spirit is international*. All future construction must depend upon the nature of the issue and the manner of its imposition. A new Germany can hardly be born out of servitude. More. Enslavement postulates anarchy or Bolshevism, but this is the negation of law—the negation, therefore, of our cause. The war of liberation would then have ended in chaos.

Yet if the world's difficulty is passion or hatred, passion cannot be the determinant, precisely because it is the world's responsibility. All conditions of peace under the old German *régime* would doubtless have to be force conditions: of military security, of shame as the purging instrument. Yet not the latter if a new Germany is to have the life proclaimed as our objective again and again in the phrase, "War for democracy." It is true that the degree of military security—certainly an indispensable condition—may present a difficulty in the deliration of martial exultation, yet not so on point of principle. We have heard the words a "just" peace acclaimed by all the Allies. The question is: What are "just" conditions? By that I mean the conditions of surrender con-

sistent with (1) the security necessary to the Allies, (2) the security of life necessary to any settlement of construction. Our question is not, therefore, military; it is social or democratic, for the military issue has been decided. That part of the problem is henceforth a matter of degree. It automatically ceases to be military in its design and application with the assumption of its democratic reality.

That is why personally I can conceive of no peace signed with a German Empire ruled by the Hohenzollerns, for the Emperor is the spirit of the mediæval Germany which in all the essentials must go. But when the Emperor has gone, we shall be dealing with the German people, and they have accepted Mr. Wilson's conditions. That is a different matter, and must be regarded in the light of the future if the League of Nations is to mean anything at all. Perhaps it does mean nothing. Yet I cannot think so. But at least *we ought to know*. Democracy has the right to insist upon a joint Allied declaration on this point, and at their peril the Governments will refuse. The whole question of armaments depends upon this issue, and in the answer all workers and soldiers are concerned. Because, primarily, it is their responsibility. Because, if the future is theirs, the present is their birthright. Thus we stand at the moral turning-point of the war.

But a real danger exists. It is that in any way we differ in the methods of the objective. During the last few weeks we have allowed the enemy to enter into a diplomatic exchange, conducted over the heads of Europe, answered, if collectively, at any rate on this side not from the Parliament of the nation, but secretly. In quite the old fashion. Is this to go on? This is not the road to regeneration or democratic sanction. Militarily and morally, it has a weakening effect and gives rise to surmise precisely at the hour when the public voice of democracy should be one and inexorable. This, as it is our British hour of military triumph, should be our deed of statesmanship. It is our judgment that should now make itself heard in the councils of the world, our direction that should cast the decision, and beyond all "peradventure." The moral issue of the war is our absolute British trust. It is not a question of emotion. We cannot "stand upon points" for what historically would merely amount to

a technicality. In deciding upon any terms of peace or surrender, principle must be the British and international coefficient.

It is more than singular that the first genuine German demand for peace should have caught the Allies "unprepared," for that this is so we can all see from the raging controversy which has broken out in the Press since Mr. Wilson's first reply and the great variety of terms suggested in the leading newspapers. They have been characterised chiefly by absence of principle and are the products of passion. They clearly show the want of known policy regarding the end of war. They seem to flout the League of Nations' attitude unreservedly. The question is, are these manifestations, partly of jingoism, partly of passion, to be regarded as heroics, or do they represent public opinion? Their reason is not logical. Victory won literally by the world in arms is not exactly a theme for heroics, yet again that is not the question. What we have to deal with is the objective. Hitherto these same voices have insisted upon the morality of our crusade, which has been rightly called the "war of liberation." If that is so, then heroics at this solemn hour are out of place. If we are to liberate, we must set free, not enslave; now, obviously, conditions which reduced the German people to slavery would constitute the negation of our moral objective.

And, humanly, could not be a permanency. It is conceivable, of course, that the flame of hatred cannot be extinguished by reason, that human nature being what it is the full toll of passion must be levied. But, if so, we shall greatly lose our moral right of adjudication, nor can we then expect to establish on the ashes of retribution a new order or law. We are thus brought up against our own purpose, upon which all future reconstruction stands or falls. If, for instance, a real democratic Germany realises that peace can only be obtained by ignominy, morally they would be justified in fighting on. A world which continued the war, not to exact the necessary terms, but to shame and crush a foe for revenge, would associate itself with the mediæval spirit, not with the modern; would align itself with the monarchical militarism it set out to destroy; would historically justify the Kaiser in his doctrine of force. The result inevitably would

be world chaos instead of the proposed "family of nations." And the new-born German democracy would be a bastard, the Phœnix of revenge.

It is also reasonably certain that if in the hour of triumph we do not act on principle, we are not likely to after peace, because there would be no inducement. I have heard men say that it is enough if we destroy Germany's force and cripple her powers of recovery, for the future will take care of itself. But that is poor thinking. It is not to think on principle, which again implies chaos. Now the Germans may get to the position of testing our principle. They may fight their way out of Belgium, and at the Rhine place us before the dilemma of carrying war into Germany for a motive unnecessary to the acceptance of our fighting principle, and so contrary to its purpose. For we stand undoubtedly at the end of an epoch, before the dawn of a new order of civilisation, political and economic. I do not think individuals count much in this fateful drama. The grand principle which roused the world to destroy mediævalism is stronger than the individual, and the deflections of extremists will not stay its march. I think that is the key to the present extraordinarily interesting situation. We are the instruments of our own fate, and that fate is principle, and when Lord Milner the other day seemed to suggest in an interview that the Kaiser should not be driven from the throne, he reflected the fear of his own morality.

How are we to allow the war to end? The answer must surely be sought in our objective. If our aim is retribution, vengeance, punishment, domination, our course is prescribed, and historians may have to chronicle the end of Armageddon in the sack of Berlin. There will still remain Russia. There will then remain democracy. If, however, we are fighting for principle, the end must form part of the covenant of that principle. Clearly that principle is cosmic, for this is no national struggle, and the alternative to an international solution is chaos. We must hold to that in our own and the world's opportunities. And we must be careful, or we may be manœuvred into a position of insincerity towards ourselves and the common responsibility. As we did not seek this war or enter into it for military vainglory, which in itself is meaningless in the conditions of a world convocation of force,

neither have we endured such unparalleled sacrifice merely to enjoy the "fortunes of war," but to win to a new order. Our beacon then is principle, and any deviation from that truth can but lead into error. The problem, therefore, is not that of a formula or of a technicality, but of responsibility, and would seem entirely straightforward. It is militarily to impose the world's justice upon the enemy as a principle of civilisation, thus morally to secure its application on the lines and in the spirit of its inspiration.

Books

RUSSIA. By MICHAEL S. FARBMAN. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 5*s*. net.

ALL men wishing to understand the causes which drove Russia into revolution, and subsequently into Bolshevism, should read Mr. Farbman's pithy, if unpleasant, book. Unpleasant because incidentally it is an indictment of our Press, which systematically obscured the truth about Russia in the first three years of the war in the fable with the "steam-roller." Perhaps this criticism, however just from his point of view, might with advantage have been omitted, for it will offend. Otherwise the book is remarkably interesting. Step by step the author traces the causes of disintegration, shows why even in agriculture Russia came to grief, unfolds the terrible drama of the inner conflict which went on from the first days of war between the Tsarist *régime* and the people until that fateful hour when "the Government which had begun the war with the idea of avoiding revolution came to the idea of making peace in order to prevent the revolution." Here we have the key to the Russian enigma. As control got more and more out of hand with the growing chaos of conditions, economic, social, and political, the Russian Government determined upon peace, the agent was Protopopov. Petersburg was to be starved into riot, then the police were to crush the "revolution" with machine-guns, and make peace. But the democratisation of Russia had gone too far, the Army fraternised, the sham revolution became a national one. Mr. Farbman is very definite about Kerensky's *rôle*, which, he declares, history will condemn. He refers to Kerensky's responsibility for the July offensive, which led to the *débâcle* of the Russian forces. It is notable that the sub-title to the book is "The Struggle for Peace." It was peace that the revolution wanted. By forcing revolutionary Russia to fight, we forced her into extremism, because we split up the balance of her revolutionary unity. Reason abdicated. Mob licence obtained the upper hand. Under the Soviets Russia passed out of the war, out of the scheme of European principle, into the anarchy of negativism.

Of illuminating significance are Farbman's frequent references to the Army as "the poor little grey cattle," the Russian equivalent for "Tommy." Men hated the Army before the war. Never was there the enthusiasm for the Army depicted in our newspapers, for the Army to the Russians implied authority. The "steam-roller" was corrupt at the top, without enthusiasm in the ranks. It was betrayed by its generals and politicians, in turn it betrayed the State. Such is the story. And such is the moral of our enthusiasm for Russia under the Tsar and our want of understanding for Russia in revolution.

CITIES AND SEA COASTS AND ISLANDS. By ARTHUR SYMONS. Collins. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

A SERIES of travel studies by one of the most subtle of our impressionists. Mr. Symons has "rich eyes" and the gift of translating not only the visible aspect of the many beautiful places he has known, but their spiritual significance into sensitive and delicate words. There are

three divisions to the book. A first, devoted to Spain ("Cities and Artists" this might be called); a second, made up of London studies, highly characteristic; and a third, containing various coast pictures, including the fascinating "Dieppe," which was among the jewels of the first volume of the *Savoy*. (Though one misses that amazing decoration, the bathing lady, as spirited a piece of impertinence as any that Beardsley ever perpetrated.) I have called the London pictures characteristic—there is a night-piece, streets before and after the emptying of the theatres, full of the very atmosphere of the 'nineties, in which I suppose it to have been written. Certainly not of these modern evenings could it be said: "The lights glitter outside theatres and music-halls and restaurants; lights coruscate, flash from the walls, dart from the vehicles; a dark tangle of roofs and horses knots itself together and swiftly separates at every moment; all the pavements are aswarm with people hurrying." The flashing of it dazzles one's mental vision. *O si mox*—all save perhaps the cab-horses!

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